

THE ILLUSTRATED  
SPORTING & DRAMATIC  
NEWS

NO. 151.—VOL. VI.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1876.

[REGISTERED FOR  
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE  
BY POST 6*½*D.



MISS VIOLET CAMERON.

## RAILWAYS.

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SPECIAL TRAINS (1, 2, & 3 Class) to Streatham Common Station, close to the Course. From London Bridge 11.0 a.m. and 12.0 noon, calling at New Cross, Forest Hill, Sydenham, Penge, Anerley, and Norwood Junction; and from Victoria 11.0 a.m. and 12.0 noon, calling at Clapham Junction; returning after the Races.

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TRINACRIA Saturday, Jan. 27 ..... Saturday, February 3.  
TUSCANY Saturday, Feb. 10 ..... Saturday, February 17.  
EUROPA Saturday, Feb. 24 ..... Saturday, March 3.  
BARBARY Saturday, Mar. 10 ..... Saturday, March 17.  
INDIA Saturday, Mar. 24 ..... Saturday, March 31.  
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Extract from "Le Courier de l'Europe," Dec. 16, 1876.

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JAY'S, Regent-street.

EVENING DRESSES, 2 guineas and 2½ guineas. The newest and most fashionable style, and made of non-crushing black tulle. Engravings of the same postage free on application.

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The large Rink now completed and permanently frozen over, is open for Skaters.

Admission—by Visitor's vouchers only—which, together with the club rules and other particulars, can be obtained upon application by letter to the Secretary,

April 25, 1876.

HARRINGTON E. O'REILLY.

EXHIBITION of CABINET PICTURES IN OIL.—Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—The TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is OPEN daily from 10 to 5. Admission is. Catalogue 6d.—R. F. M'NAIR, Secretary.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.—MDME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street. PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alphonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, The Sultan of Turkey, Earl of Derby. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 portrait Models of Celebrities, and the late Cardinal Antonelli. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—St. James's Hall. Under the direction of Mr. John Booze, 11th Season. The first Concert on Saturday morning, January 6, at 3 o'clock. Artists: Madame Sherrington, Miss Anna Williams and Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Wadmore, and Mr. Edward Lloyd. Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. The London Vocal Union under the direction of Mr. Fred Walker. Conductor, Mr. Sydney Taylor. Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets of Austin, St. James's Hall, the usual Agents, and of Mr. Booze and Co., 295, Regent-street.

CLEVELAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. A PRIZE of £200 in money will be offered at the SECOND ANNUAL SHOW of ENTIRE THOROGBRED HORSES, to be held at Guisbro', on Tuesday, the 6th February next. Entries close Tuesday, January 30, 1877. For conditions and forms of entry apply to

T. GIBSON FAWCETT, Secretary, Stockton-on-Tees.

## THEATRES.

## THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING, The Grand Pantomime ROBINSON CRUSOE, with Magnificent Scenery and Transformation by Mr. W. Telbin. The most Powerful Company ever collected. Children and Schools Half-price to DAY PERFORMANCES, on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS at 2, on payment at the doors. Box Office open Daily from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. E. Hall.

## THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Every Evening, THE FORTY THIEVES. The Vokes Family. Première Danseuse, Mdle. Bossi; Double Harlequinade; Clowns, C. Lauri and F. Evans. Preceded by BOX AND COX. Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Doors open at 1.30; commence at 2. Children and Schools admitted at half-price to all parts of the theatre, upper gallery excepted.

## ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

On Monday, and during the week, MR. AND MRS. WHITE. After which, at a Quarter to Eight, a New and Original Historical Play, entitled JANE SHORE, written by W. G. Wills: Messrs. James Fernandez, J. W. Ford, B. Bentley, A. Revelle, F. Strickland, J. Smyth, B. Pedley, G. Weston, E. Price, Miss Heath, Mesdames A. Mellon, Manders, M. Brunett, Miss and Master Coote. To conclude with at 10.15, a Comic Ballet entitled THE MAGIC FLUTE. Prices, 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at Half-past Six; commence at Seven. Box-office open from 10 till Five daily.

## ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.

Every Evening, at 7, GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME. At 8, SHAUGHRAUN, Messrs. C. Sullivan, S. Emery, W. Terriss, Brittain Wright, W. M'Intyre, J. G. Shore, H. Vaughan, and Mesdames Rose Coghlan, Hudspeth, Taylor, C. Nott, E. Phillips, &c. Box-office open from 10 till Five daily. MORNING PERFORMANCES OF LITTLE GOODY TWO SHOES, Every Morning until further notice.

## THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone. Every Evening, at 7.30, the Comic Drama, A ROUGH DIAMOND, Mr. Buckstone as Cousin Joe; Margery, Miss Lafontaine. After which, at 8.30, DAN'L DRUCE, first time. Characters by Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Howe, Braid, Forbes Robertson, Odell, &c., and Miss Marion Terry. Conclude with BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE. Doors open at 7. Carriages at 11. Box-office open to till 5.

## YCEUM THEATRE.—Sixth Season under

the Present Management—EVERY EVENING, (except Saturdays) at 7.45, MACBETH: Mr. HENRY IRVING, Messrs. Swinbourne, Brooke, Mead, Bentley, Lyons, Archer, Beaumont, Huntley, &c., and Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe). Reproduced with all the original effects. Scenery by Hawes Craven. Music by Mr. Stoepel, &c. Preceded at 7, by DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND: Messrs. Carton, Lyons, Bentley, Pinero, &c. Saturday, January 6, MORNING PERFORMANCE of MACBETH at 2. Saturday Evening, LEAH. Box-office open 10 till 5.

## GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Sole

Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.—Return of Mr. TOOLE.—First Nights of Albery's new Piece, THE MAN IN POSSESSION, and Reece's New Burlesque WILLIAM TELL TOLD AGAIN, &c. Open 7, begin 7.15. Afternoon Performances every Wednesday and Saturday, (see Daily Papers).

## ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, MRS. JOHN WOOD. The last five nights of Dion Boucicault's Comedy of LONDON ASSURANCE, previously to the production, on Saturday next, of the DANISCHEFF. On Monday, and four following evenings, at 8.15, will be presented LONDON ASSURANCE. Characters by Messrs. W. H. Stephens, C. Warner, W. Markby, C. Cooper, C. Steyne, George Honey, Benbrook, G. Darrell, and Bauer; Mrs. John Wood, Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Telbin, &c. Preceded by, at 7.30, GOOD FOR NOTHING. Mr. George Honey, &c. &c. Box office open daily from 10 till 5. Doors open at 7.

THE DANISCHEFF will be produced (first time) SATURDAY next, January 6th, with powerful cast of characters, at ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

## FOLLY THEATRE (Charing Cross).

ROBINSON CRUSOE. IMMENSE ATTRACTION for Christmas.—LYDIA THOMPSON and her unapproachable Company in the most brilliant and popular Extravaganza since "Blue Beard." Equally admired and enjoyed by old and young. Here is the Crusoe of our childhood, here the Friday we have read of but never seen, the inimitable Brough at his very best, and the extravagant and wonderful Harry Collier, who makes his first appearance. Every juvenile home for the holidays must see Crusoe's extraordinary Goat and Dog, and laugh at the drolleries of the comical trio, Lydia Thompson, Willie Edouin, and Lionel Brough. The Burlesques preceded every evening with the Comedy of CHECKMATE, by A. Halliday. Supported by Mr. Brough and Company. SPECIAL MORNING PERFORMANCES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE as follows:

THIS DAY, SATURDAY, DEC. 30.

SATURDAY, JAN. 6.

Doors open at 2, the Performance commences at 2.30.

## CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON. SPECIAL HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS.—The Brilliant Comedy of HOT WATER, and a new Comic Drama, DOROTHY'S STRATAGEM.—CHARLES WYNDHAM, and the most powerful Comedy Company in Europe. Every evening the performance will commence at 7.30 with a new Comic Drama, in Two Acts, by J. Mortimer, Esq., entitled DOROTHY'S STRATAGEM. To be followed, at 8.45, with HOT WATER. Characters by Messrs. Charles Wyndham, E. Righton, J. B. Rae, H. Standing, J. Clarke, H. Ashley. Mesdames Fanny Josephs, Nelly Bromley, Eastlake, M. Davis, Edith Bruce, M. Holme.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—SI SLOCUM, in which the celebrated KENTUCKY RIFLE TEAM, the FRAYNE FAMILY, will appear. Preceded at 7, by BOOTS AT THE SWAN. Miss Gerard, Mr. W. J. Hill. Doors open at 6.30. Box-office hours, 11 to 5.

## GLOBE THEATRE.—MR. EDGAR BRUCE,

Manager.—Enormous success of MISS JENNIE LEE, as PRINCE LEANDER, in Mr. J. R. Planché's Fairy Extravaganza, THE INVISIBLE PRINCE, specially revised for this theatre by the Author. New Scenery, New Costumes, New Music, New Dances, New Songs, New Effects. Boucicault's Drama, HUNTED DOWN, at 7, THE INVISIBLE PRINCE at 9. Miss Jennie Lee, Mesdames Louise Willes, Rachel Sanger, Beverley, Vining, Howard, Steele and D. Drummond, Messrs. George Barrett, Beveridge, Edwards, and Edgar Bruce, &c. Book your seats early for the Christmas Holidays. Box-office open from 11 to 5, prices 6d. to £3 3s.—Acting Manager, Mr. Douglas Cox.

MISS JENNIE LEE, as Prince Leander, in the Fairy Extravaganza of the INVISIBLE PRINCE, Every Evening at 9 o'clock.—GLOBE THEATRE.

## ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Mr. Hare

Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening, punctually at 8 o'clock, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES, written by Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg. The principal characters will be acted by Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mrs. Stephens, Miss Kate Aubrey; Mr. Kelly, Mr. Anson, Mr. Conway, Mr. Ersler Jones, and Mr. Hare. The new scenery painted by Messrs. Gordon and Harford.—Doors open at 7.30. Box-office hours 11 to 5.—Acting-Manager, Mr. John Huy.

## VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Lessees

Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne. Enormous success of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron. Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, David James, C. W. Garthorne, J. P. Bernard, W. Lestocq, A. Austin and Thomas Thorne. Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. John S. Clarke will appear on Saturday next, as "Toodles," and in "Among the Breakers." On Monday and during the week (Saturday excepted) at 7, KEEP YOUR TEMPER. At 8, HIS LAST LEGS, and THE LYING DUTCHMAN. On Saturday, Mr. J. S. Clarke, in the above. Conclude with the Burlesque.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.—Every Evening, at Eight, BROOKMAN'S CIRCUS and Great MONKEY PERFORMANCE, from the Alexandra Palace. The Performance takes place on the stage. Doors open at 7.30; commence at 8. Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls, 4s.; Dress Circle, 3s.; Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Children Half-price to all parts except Gallery. MORNING PERFORMANCES every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE, Westminster Bridge Road. TWO PERFORMANCES of the PANTOMIME DAILY, at 2 and 7 o'clock respectively.

Production (on a scale of splendour never before attempted on either side of the Atlantic) of an Original, Grand Comic Pantomime, written by Mr. W. M. Akhurst, and entitled GULLIVER ON HIS TRAVELS; or, HARLEQUIN ROBINSON CRUSOE, HIS MAN FRIDAY, and the BRIGHT SPIRIT OF ROMANCE. The beautiful and picturesque Scenery by Messrs. Dayes and Caney; the realistic Properties by Mr. J. Rogers; the sparkling and magnificent Costumes by Mrs. Bovey; the brilliant Music Composed and Arranged by H. J. Sibold. The principal characters will be impersonated by the following Artistes de répétition:—Mesdames Annetta Scasi, Georgiana Smithson, Emily Randall, Lizzie Grosvenor, Alma Stanley, Marie Gwynne, &c., &c.

Messrs. Gus Connally, W. Randall, Fred Shepherd, J. Holloway, jun., J. Bradfield, W. Moreton, N. Holland, &c., &c. The scene in the Prologue will represent, The Bright Bower of Romance on the Shores of the Lake of Limpid Crystal.

Scene First (in the play) "Parlour in the House of Dr. Gulliver."

Scene Second—"The City of Lilliput."

Scene Third—"Margate Pier."

Scene Fourth—"The Palace of the Queen of Nations." THE GRAND CONFERENCE. In which Representatives of all Her Majesty's Dominions will present themselves, together with "Horses and Animals from all explored parts of the World," including the largest and smallest Elephants, Camels, Dromedaries, Reindeers, the wonderful trained Giraffes (standing eight feet high), Bears, &c., &c. The Messrs. Sanger consider themselves fully justified in challenging the entire profession to produce the novelty and magnificence displayed in this "Great Scene."

Scene Fifth—"The Sea Shore of Crusoe's Island." Scene Sixth, "The Hut and Forest Farm." Scene Seventh—"Another Part of the Island." Scene Eighth—"The Pathless Regions of Ice." Eighty-three-and-a-half Degrees North. The Alert and Discovery in Winter Quarters.

The Grand Transformation. Characters in the Harlequinade: Clown, Mr. W. Honey; Pantaloons, Mr. D. Honey; Harlequin, Mr. A. Loraine; Columbine, Miss Lizzie Grosvenor (late of Theatre Royal, Drury Lane).

Prices: Private Boxes, from £1 10s. 6d. to £5 5s.; Balcony Dress Stalls, 4s.; Orchestra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Boxes, 2s.; Pit Stalls, 2s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Box-office now open, from 10 till 4, under the direction of Mr. C. Stuart, to whom all cheques and money orders should be made payable.

New SCENES in the CIRCLE and the Matchless PANTOMIME EVERY MORNING and EVENING at Two o'clock and Seven respectively. Doors open half an hour previous. Secretary, Mr. Sidney Cooper. Stage Manager, Mr. Henry Bertrand.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate. The New and Magnificent Pantomime of OPEN SESAME; or, HARLEQUIN THE FORTY ROBBERS OF THE MAGIC CAVE. New Grand Pantomime Every Evening at 7. MORNING PERFORMANCES, Every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 12.30, to which Children under 10 half-price. Box-office open 11 till 4. No Charge for Booking.

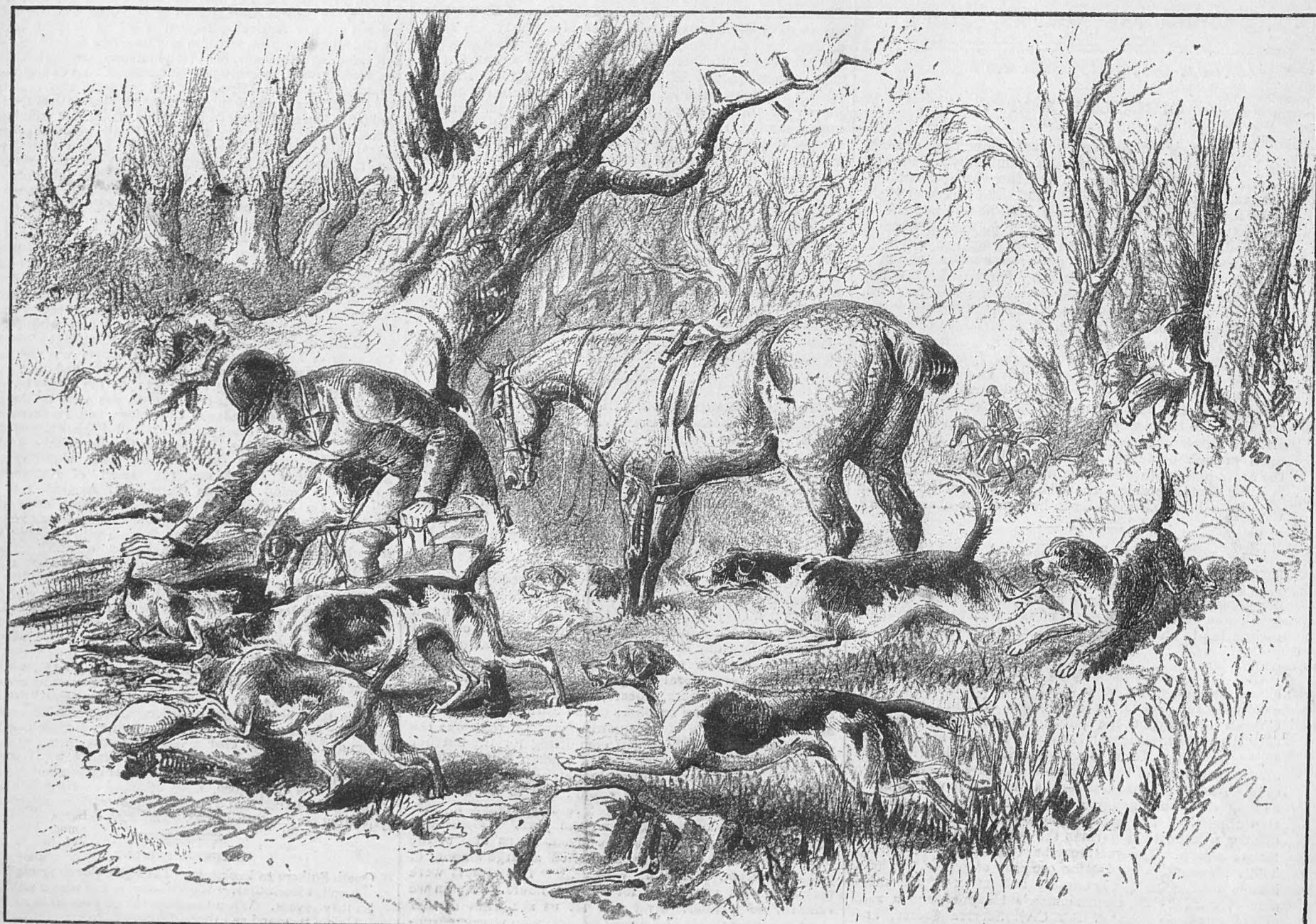
## ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole PROPRIETOR—MR. GEORGE CONQUEST.

NOTICE.—A MORNING PERFORMANCE of the PANTOMIME will take place every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 1, and every evening, at 7 o'clock, the Grand New Pantomime, by Messrs. Geo. Conquest





"SOUR GRAPES."



GONE TO EARTH.

## THE MEET OF THE OWL HOUNDS.

THIS engraving will puzzle many, as a phase of sport which has never been within the sphere of their experience. It illustrates a very curious meet which took place for many years—if it does not now take place—in the month of July, and in one of our little villages in a south-western county. An old sporting writer, well known as "Wildrake," gives the following account, and he also made the drawing of which our engraving is a copy:—

One beautiful sunny day in July, business had detained me in a small village in one of our south-western counties, which shall

hat, and thick stick, going his "best shuffle," with a cheery smile upon his face. The old wooden-legged butcher threw down his knife, tucked up his apron, and stumped away his bravest to the "rendezvous." The labourer left his little cottage garden, sticking his spade hastily into the half-finished trench, lest he should be too late. The miller stopped his mill full half an hour earlier than was his wont, and hurried off without so much as brushing the fresh dust from off his coat. The squire's gamekeeper, with velvet jacket green, and gold-laced hat,—the cheerful cottage dame, with tasty chequered gown and dainty cap,—the village good-for-nothing, whose frock, soiled and torn, told tales of deeds

"Oh, sir! surely when the Squire has no other means of hunting, he makes up a chivey, by means of his owl hounds, and that's us that's here. The man as finds the first owl has a crown, and him as catches the first owl has another, and all the rest has pints of beer apiece, all round."

"And who is the best owl-finder amongst you all?"

"Oh, surely, sir, Tom Barker there, the butcher, has the best eye for a nesty, but his prop won't let him climb the trees to catch 'em. 'Rollicking Jem,' the blacksmith's son, that one there, leaning against the tree, with the long stick, surely he's the boy for baggin' 'em."



THE MEET OF THE OWL HOUNDS.

be nameless. The affairs of the day concluded early, I had made up my mind to an evening stroll through the meadows, when as I issued from the door of "mine inn," (which, by the way, bore the sporting ensign of "the fighting cocks,") my ear was greeted by the unusual echo of a sounding horn. Again it rang—and this time, there could be no doubt. It was a hunting horn.

In another moment a mystery was enacted before my eyes. An elderly gentleman, clad in full hunting costume, coat, cap, and leathers—with the one sole exception, that instead of boots he wore a pair of white stuff gaiters—and mounted on a steady

old hunter, trotted slowly on to the village green, and taking his station under the two oak trees which grew directly in front of the inn door, began to blow his horn, as if he were collecting straggling hounds.

The natural conclusion which suggested itself to my mind, was, that this was some poor lunatic, who, being "hunting-mad," pursued his monomania harmlessly, without regard to seasons.

Here, however, I proved to be on the wrong scent, unlike the Shakespearean spirits "called from the vasty deep," a multitude of forms did come in answer to the summons. In a short time, every door gaped, and every cottage poured its contents out upon the village green, until that usually quiet spot became a scene of busy animation.

Thither came first the idle schoolboys, "just let loose from school," hurrying, scurrying, shouting, and tumbling over one another in their exuberant delight. Then might be seen the old grey-haired grandfather, with his ample coat, broad-shouldered

done in the dark;—the old, the young, the middle-aged,—all answered to the challenge of that horn, as if well knowing what its noisy summons meant.

For myself, utterly nonplussed, I turned for information to a little shrivelled old cobbler, who, clad in a waistcoat large enough to serve for all his family, was bawling, "Yoicks! yoicks! yoicks!" at the tip-top of his broken voice.

"What is the meaning of this, my friend?" inquired I.

"Meaning! oh, yer honour, sir—surely it's owl night."

"Owl night! what is that?"

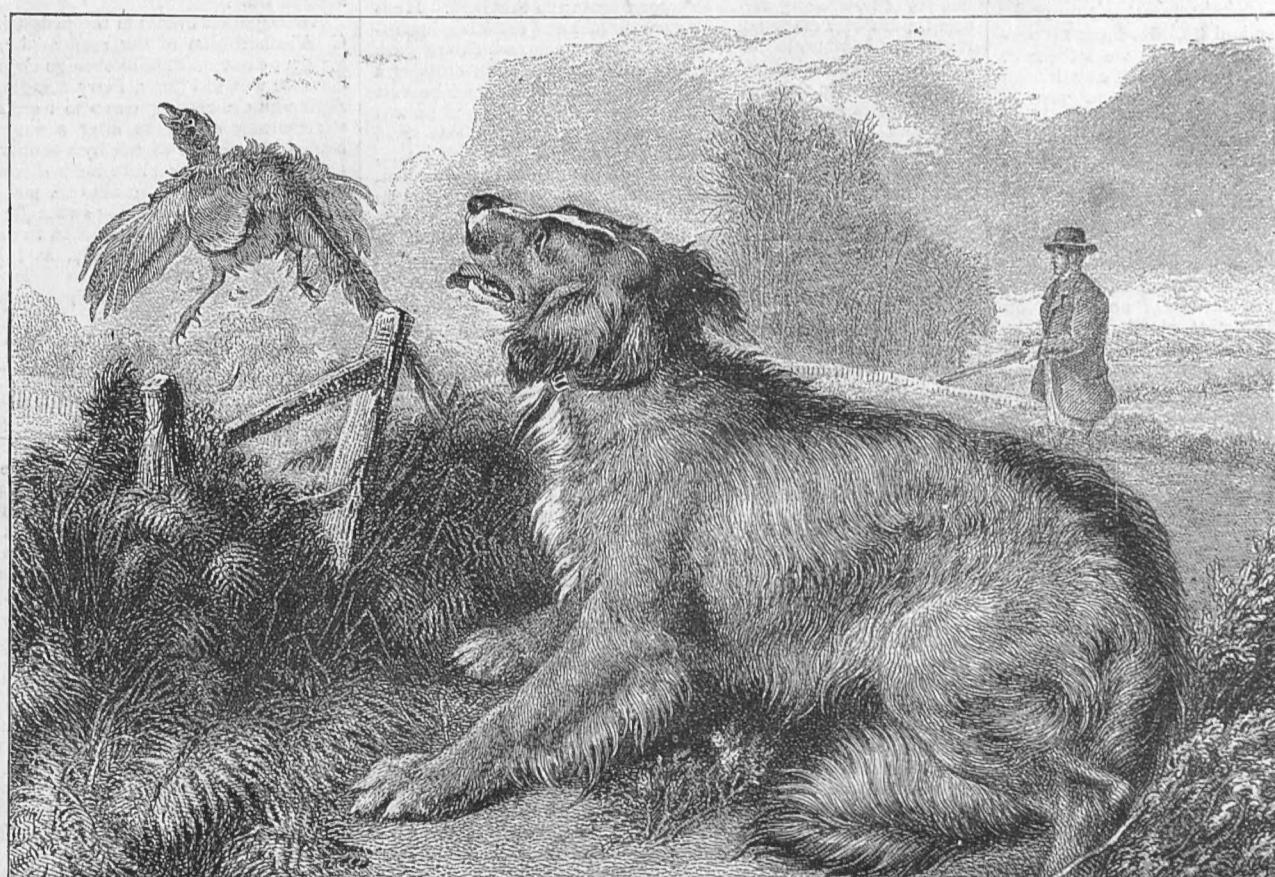
And who is the stout, good-looking man, with the short jacket, and black whiskers, standing between the butcher and the Squire, as you call him?

That, sir—oh, surely, that's Dick Thomson, Parson Wells's under gardener. The Squire always appoints him judge in case there should be any dispute as to the first find, or first catch. And that snub-nosed fellow jest behind him, surely that's sour Barney Smith, the barber; he *always* says as it's a fool's game—yet he *always* comes to see, so I suppose it is."

With this laconic estimate of "sour Barney Smith's" virtues, the little cobbler set up another "Yoicks! yoicks! yoicks!" and the whole crew, having now gathered together, set off in the direction of a neighbouring wood, the Squire, cheering or rating them as he went, just as if they had been his hounds. "Hey there, Rollicking Jem—come back you—what are you getting so far forward for? come old Timbertoe, stump it along you don't seem fresh to-day—has 'sour Barney' been squeezing lemons into you? Hey you, Rusty Joe, keep within bounds, sir—what's your meaning? Hoh, boys!—now, then, here's the wood—fair play's a jewel. Yoicks over into cover! and you, Dick Thomson, keep your eye well on the leading hounds."

At this moment a shriek of "Tally ho! Tally ho!" arose from the wood, followed by a cry of "A crown for Tom Barker!" and in another moment a great white owl burst from the cover, followed by a crowd whooping, shrieking, and tearing after this new "varmint" with all their might.

The owl, no doubt,



"A BROADSIDE."

surprised at this sudden interruption of his noon-day slumbers, seemed at first somewhat bewildered, and, accordingly settled upon the first tree which came across his flight. But from this temporary refuge he was driven by the shouts and peltings of his persecutors, just as "Rollicking Jem" was about to "bag" him.

Disappointed in his first dodge, the "moony victim" set his lumbering carcase in motion for a wood distant about a quarter of a mile from the cover whence he had broken, and in a short time the jumps of the *hounds* over the fences, and the struggle for the first place, formed one of the most amusing scenes I had ever beheld.

The weight carried by the poor owl, however, eventually stopped him, and, after dodging his pursuers for above an hour and a half, he finally ran his great thick head into the open arms of Harry Biggs, the most noted poacher in the village, who thereby became entitled to the Squire's second crown, to the infinite mortification of his disappointed fellows.

The shades of evening were now falling so fast as to give the chase a great advantage over the pursuers, the Squire therefore called off his hounds, and fed, or rather *drank*, them on the village green, much, however, to the dissatisfaction of the wooden-legged butcher, who declared loudly that he had just fallen in with "another beautiful cherubim nesty!"

Altogether, I felt highly satisfied with the Squire's summer hunting—and although many of my readers will doubtless think this tale more fitting to the glowing regions of romance than to the sober realms of truth, and hint that I might better have attended to my own precepts in this matter; many who will readily recognise this sketch will know its hero; and for the rest—why, I can only say that *my* experience tends to prove that "truth is frequently more strange than fiction."

### TURFIANA.

WHAT with gigantic swindles, an alleged repetition of the infamous Running Rein case, raids upon sporting publicans, and infuriated Kingsbury residents, the great "cancer of civilisation" has been prominently before the public this Christmas; but the festive season has prevented the goodly fellowship of prophets from taking a gloomy view of matters, and guided their pens like serried lances against all enemies and opposers whatsoever of the sport to which they owe their existence. We cannot help regarding some of their arguments for the defence as a trifle far-fetched, and when somebody wrote that Palm was to "give a tone" to Kingsbury, it seemed rather a back-handed compliment to mine host of the Welsh Harp. Mr. Verrall's friends seem to have been rather exercised in their minds because the Thunderer declined to insert his letter, which we were kindly offered an opportunity of reading, and, altogether, it was perhaps as well that it appeared in the *Sportsman*, instead of in the *Times*. For ourselves, we consider it reasonable that suburban racing should be kept within proper limits, if it is to exist at all, and if the majority of these were not gate-money meetings, it is only fair to suppose that they would rest content with one meeting a year, which such places as Ascot and Goodwood continue to do very well. As it is, there is not a Bank holiday, nor a vacant Saturday or Monday throughout the year, that is not eagerly appropriated by Kingsbury, Streatham, Bromley, Enfield, or Croydon, and these meetings appear to keep a certain class of animals going which can never hope to improve their race. Habitues of the "pastures" at the above-named places could make up the entries without consulting owners, and the chances are they would be allowed to stand, so well known is the especial line of leaders and juniors on circuit alike. If the "resident" overstated his case against the meeting in his neighbourhood, certain sporting writers have succeeded in damaging their own cause to an equal extent by their fulsome adulation of officials and proceedings in the suburbs, and have justified Hood's query—

If my offence be rank, should theirs be rancour?

With the Forfeit List announced to be published monthly, men will be better able to know how they stand in dealing with those included in the black list, which, it is to be hoped, will dwindle down to very insignificant dimensions in a few weeks' time, for, doubtless, many have made default through sheer inadvertence, and the storks will make haste to get clear of the company of crows. One pleasing feature in Messrs. Weatherby's roll-call we note with pleasure, and that is the insertion of real names after assumed ones, so that another blow has been directed against the "men with iron masks," who come and go so mysteriously, and fall away quickly, like moths singed in the taper's flame. And not only are the real names published, but they appear a second time under their proper alphabetical division, thus having an extra penalty to pay for their ostrich-like proclivities. As the amounts due are, for the most part, small, they will probably all be cleared in time; but all have had ample notice, and it is rather disgraceful that there should be so much delay and backwardness in paying up a few sovereigns. On the rules of racing we forbear to touch at present, but we would fain hail the new Turf constitution with salvoes such as greeted its congener lately promulgated in Turkey. In a few days the long considered digest will become law, and let us hope that sweeter manners may be the consequence of purer laws among the racing community. From France we learn that Boiard's subscription is full, Mr. Waring having secured the two last nominations, and Perren speaks of the new establishment at La Jacques as worthy the reputation of his charge, who was clearly the best stayer of his year, which included Marie Stuart, Doncaster, Gang Forward, and a few others of very formidable calibre. The Nabob strain, which, traced back, takes us up to Glaucus, is virtually extinct in this island now that Nutbourne has departed, and though the defeat of Blair Athol by Vermont was set down as a fluke at the time, we know better now, and can appreciate the qualities to which Blair's conqueror owed his success.

The present sale list includes some useful animals, though many of them seem to hang fire in the market, and will, doubtless, find their way under the hammer in due course. Among the likely brood mares are Amy Roselle, Queen Gladys, and Tranquility, of which we wonder that the latter has not been snapped up long ago, for she was one of the thoroughly useful lot, and won no end of races for the various gentlemen in whose name she ran. The irrepressible Curate is also looking out for preferment, and we further notice that Ursula and Cannon Ball may be treated for. From Cobham we hear that things have prospered with the Stud Company, and that all the sires have goodly prospects of full subscription lists early in 1877. Though much cold and damp have prevailed, sickness has mercifully kept aloof, and nearly all the crack mares are reported as being in a desirable condition. We believe it to be the intention of Mr. Bell henceforth to have a weeding-out sale among his mares every year, and there can be no doubt that continual accessions of fresh blood afford advantages to both breeders and purchasers, the latter being always in search of something new, despite their attachment to well-tried and successful alliances among old acquaintances. Experience has proved that the public still hold to and stand by high-class mares, when their produce comes into the market, and, however much truth there may be in the observation that distinguished performers have been for the most part failures as queens of the stud, they will be found profitable for a year or two at all events; in fact,

until people get tired of paying high prices for moderate animals. At Middle Park, there is likely to be a rush upon Henry, one of the few Monarch horses in England; but we hold that the price put upon Dutch Skater's services is high, for he was nothing more than an honest handicap horse of greater calibre than most of his fellows, and we find no especial encouragement from records of the past fifteen years for a perpetuation of the Dutchman blood "in tail male."

The elements in their courses would seem to have fought on the side of the "Kingsbury resident," and there was no consolation to be found in the shape of skating for the crowds which flocked down to see the racing. Streatham held out very paltry attractions indeed, and it is evident that such weak vessels as metropolitan meetings are not calculated to stand the "clashing" process with impunity. Next week will be a busy one in Burlington-street, and will prelude the usual plethoric *Calendar*, containing many important entries, which afford some sort of food for famished Turf chroniclers, and are eagerly devoured and "assimilated." To the Ascot Cup of 1877 a thousand is now added, but though it would be ungracious to rail at such a stretch of extra liberality, we take it that a better entry can hardly be secured than in previous years, however desirable it may be to keep the great Royal Prize up to the standard of Ascot's subordinate attractions. We can never hope to secure large fields for races of this kind; indeed, so far from these being indices of a flourishing state of turf affairs, experience has proved them to be exactly the reverse. The great additions of money now-a-days appear to be forthcoming for two-year-old stakes, and the Jockey Club have gone so far as to add £300 yearly to their Triennial Stakes, which is a move in the right direction. More attention has lately been directed to the Bentinck Benevolent Fund—an institution claiming the support of all racing men, and likely to commend itself to their liberality at this festive season. It is extraordinary that so excellent a scheme has been allowed to languish hitherto, but more pains will henceforth be taken to give it publicity, without which, and constant private appeals, no foundation of this nature can be expected to flourish. We note, too, that the efforts of poor Henry Goater's friends have not met with an adequate reward, under a thousand pounds having been collected for his family, which should be benefited to quite double that extent, if a more regular canvass were made among his numerous patrons, both past and present.

### SKYLARK.

### MASTIFFS.

THE mastiff, if history and tradition may be believed, was famous of old as a dog indigenous to this country. When the Romans held Britain by right of conquest, so famous was the mastiff for its strength and courage, that an officer, called "Procurator Cynegii," was appointed, whose sole business it was to breed and export British mastiffs for the amphitheatres in Rome. "Idestone," whose work on dogs is well known, held that the dogs kept in Cheshire, at Lyme Hall, were pure specimens of this ancient race; but it is doubtful if successive crossings have not altogether destroyed all traces of the ancient mastiff. Some hold that the present race is one which is a cross between the bull and the talbot. The authority already quoted gives it, as his belief, that "the breed was resuscitated by crossing the bulldog with the foreign boar-hound." Manwood derived the name Mastiff from "masse la fesse," given because its deep fierce voice was calculated to terrify thieves. Strabo describes how the old British mastiff was used in war; Dr. Caius states that in Gaul three of these dogs were regarded as a match for a bear and four for a lion. The Lyme Hall mastiffs are said to have been preserved in their purity by the most jealous watchfulness ever since 1415, and there is a family tradition which relates how Sir Percy Legh, Knight Banneret, who fought at Agincourt, owed his life to the courage, fidelity, and fierceness of a favourite mastiff bitch of this breed, who defended him from the attacks of camp marauders when he lay wounded and prostrate after the fight on that bloody field. Sir Percy's sword and spear are still preserved at Lyme Hall, together with his portrait and that of his faithful protector, in the stained glass window of the grand drawing-room. The present race are the descendants of that famous bitch, one of which, or more, is owned by Mr. H. D. Kingston, who says of it—"He would not quarrel with a small dog for the world, but would play with, or protect, him. Yet, with a dog of his own size, he is always ready to do battle," and adds, "he is so gentle and clean, he always sleeps in my room. . . . At a railway station he voluntarily jumps into the guard's van when the train pulls up."

A CORRESPONDENT of *Forest and Stream* gives the following account of a dog's antipathy to burrs. He says:—"I have a very fine setter now being used the second season in the field. He is small, but finely made and of a very nervous and sensitive disposition. He is white in color, except his two ears, which are dark orange. While hunting with him a few days ago, in crossing a patch of corn in the creek bottom, the dog's fine coat became covered with burrs. He refused to hunt and acted as if he was sick, and I returned home. The next day I crossed this same field, the dog again became covered with burrs, grew sick again, and actually had a spasm or prostration of the nervous system. He recovered in a few moments, to be utterly prostrate again in five minutes after. On his recovery the second time he commenced pulling the burrs from his coat with his teeth, nor did he desist until every burr was removed, and he seemed as well as ever. We have hunted with him since, but away from the burrs, and the dog seems all right.

At the Clerkenwell Police Court a number of ladies and gentlemen, professional and amateur actors, applied for advice on Thursday week under the following circumstances. They stated that they saw an advertisement in the public Press, of which the following is a copy:—"Stage.—A manager of a first-class provincial theatre has an opening for amateurs. Ladies and gentlemen can at once receive good salaries. Also first violin to lead, second violin, cornet, flute, and harpist professionals.—Manager, 278, Gray's-inn-road, W.C." In consequence of that they went to that address, and were engaged by Mr. G. Gaston Dantree and his manager, Mr. H. J. Dantree, to attend a rehearsal at the King's-cross Theatre on Tuesday last, and to open at the Woolwich Theatre the next week. The salaries were arranged at from £2 to £5 per week, the engagement being for three months, it being stated that the company would go to several provincial towns. The advertiser stated that he had scenery of the value of £300, and was the lessee of several provincial theatres. To ensure the attendance of those who were engaged he took from them sums varying from £1 10s. to £2. On their presenting themselves for the rehearsal at the King's-cross Theatre, they were surprised to find that, though Mr. Dantree was known there, nothing was known of his whereabouts. As they considered they had been done out of their money, they had to ask the court for advice as to what they should do.—The magistrate said that it was a matter for the police to inquire into, and the applicants went to the station and made their complaint.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical Testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One lozenge alone gives relief, one or two at bedtime ensures rest. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[Adv.]

### ATHLETICS, SWIMMING, ETC.

EVERY ONE will, I fancy, fully agree with me when I express it as my candid opinion that long distance walking has had its day, and that this has been fully proved by the trial of "physical endurance" so-called, which took place last week at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, wherein Weston attempted to walk 505 miles in six consecutive days, and which trial, to speak plainly, turned out a failure both as regards Weston's performance and as a commercial speculation. It is not my intention to enter into full details of the distance covered by the plucky American each day, but it must suffice to say that he succeeded by about half-past eleven on Saturday night in walking 460 miles and one lap (seven of which make up a mile) when he retired from the track, and having mounted the judge's stand addressed the public present. In the course of his remarks he stated that within 90 days he would again attempt the same task, and expressed his own conviction that he would prove practically that the feat was not an impossibility. How far his conjecture may be right time alone will prove, and although I do not for a single moment question his pluck and determination, I should, were I given to backing my opinion, like to have "old time" on my side. But I am forgetting what his opponents did in their walk against him. Three men had been selected, each of whom had to walk 48 hours at the stretch. Each man, it should be said, had a certain amount given him for starting, and three prizes, of £60, £30, and £20, were given for the greatest distance traversed, with an additional £25 each should the three combined beat Weston's entire distance, together with another "pony" to the man who should beat the American's first forty-eight hours' distance. This last prize, I may state, was not earned by any one of the three, but it will be seen that the aggregate distances covered by Weston's opponents exceeded that walked by him. George Ide, of Woolwich, was the first to compete with the American, and in his allotted time walked under the specified distance—viz., 148 miles—although at one time it looked odds on him. Parry, of Sheffield, the second competitor, did, like his predecessor, fairly well at first, but dropped off lamentably towards the close of his 48 hours. He, however, made better progress than Ide, and before turning it up, placed 163 miles 1½ laps to his credit. Peter Crossland, of Sheffield, was the third and last of Weston's opponents, and it quickly became evident that the best man had been kept in reserve to the last. Walking at a greater pace than either of the others, and in the most admirable manner he by about a quarter to eleven on Saturday night compassed 170 miles and 2 laps. I should have stated that, as an incentive for him to do his level best, Sir John Astley had put him on £25 to nothing should he succeed in travelling 190 miles in forty-eight hours. It will be seen, however, that he failed to accomplish the task. It will be thus easily seen that the aggregate number of miles covered by Ide, Parry, and Crossland exceeded the distance walked by Weston; but, as I said at the commencement of my notes, there is no doubt the British public by this time had enough of these long-distance walks, except in cases perhaps when the match is one of *man against man*, and without the slightest suspicion of the affair being a gate-money arrangement. Not that, for one moment, I mean that the contest was merely a "show," far from it, as I have it on the most trustworthy authority, that the prizes were all of a *bond fide* nature. That Weston over-tasked his wonderful powers of endurance on the first day, wherein he walked over 100 miles without a rest, is now an accepted fact; but, should he ever succeed in walking 505 miles in six consecutive days, may I be there to see.

Apparently not contented with taking so much out of himself last week, the indomitable American, at 12.6 a.m. on Tuesday last (Boxing Day), commenced another long walk at the Agricultural Hall, he on this occasion setting himself the task of walking 400 miles in five successive days. In this trial, if I may use the term, he is opposed by Vaughan, of Chester, and Crossland, of Sheffield, one of his former opponents. As, at the time of writing, the trial is not finished, I shall reserve my remarks for my next, merely stating that the pair of Englishmen are at present well ahead of our transatlantic cousin.

One more long-distance walk, and I have done with this branch of sport. I refer to the 300 miles match between William Howes, of London, and Daniel O'Leary, "champion long-distance walker of America," for £200. This event commenced on Tuesday afternoon, at the Victoria Skating Rink, near Cambridge Heath Station, and I am sorry to say that, at present, it promises to turn out as great a fiasco as the Agricultural Hall "spec." O'Leary has, all through the contest, been troubled with a severe attack of a very weakening complaint, and, up to date, is far behind his plucky opponent, Howes. The weather, too, has been all against the men; but of the ultimate result I shall have more to say at another time.

Among other events in the pedestrian world, a match between C. Westhall (son of the renowned "Charley") and Nat Perry, for £50, came off at Lillie-bridge Grounds on Saturday last. The distance was 110 yards, Perry being in receipt of 2½ yards start. Although the betting was 2 to 1 on Perry at starting, the talent were wrong again, as after a very gallant struggle Westhall landed himself the winner by a little more than a foot.

Fancy swimming a race in the Serpentine on Christmas morning! Still such a thing did take place, the Serpentine Club 100 yards open Handicap being swum for on that morning. Out of twenty-three entries no less than twenty faced the starter. I say "faced the starter" advisedly, as I have no record how many finished. The result was as follows:—D. Ainsworth, first; H. Bell, 29sec, second; W. Dawe, 26sec, third. There were only two prizes.

I hear that the English twelve in Australia have won their third match, but details are wanting. However, in all human probability I shall, ere long, have a file of the *Australasian*, when I shall be able to supply full information.

EXON.

AT Kingsbury on Boxing day there was great disappointment to crowds of holiday-seekers, and from the number of people that journeyed down to Hendon it was plain that the attendance would have been a good one had it been possible to celebrate sport. There was a partial thaw in the course of Sunday afternoon, but in the evening the frost set in with increased severity, it was agreed to postpone the meeting till Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in this week.

AT the Empress Rink special Christmas skating novelties commenced on Boxing Day, in which the Lauraine family infant skaters, Sisters Pauline and Maude, the graceful figure skaters, appeared, and were highly applauded by the delighted and crowded spectators. The Empress Colossal Christmas Tree was illuminated with coloured jets, and amongst its branches were suspended upwards of one thousand presents. The attractions provided by Mr. Outhwaite, the proprietor, are likely to draw for several weeks to come.

LAMPLough's PYRETIC SALINE.—HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES, AND USE NO OTHER; this alone is the true antidote in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, having peculiar and exclusive merits. For the protection of the public against fraudulent imitations, I have applied for and again obtained perpetual injunction, with costs, against a defendant. Observe the GENUINE has my NAME and TRADE MARK on a BUFF-COLOURED WRAPPER.—113, Holborn-hill, London.—[Adv.]

## OUR CRITICS AT THE PANTOMIMES.

We add to descriptive accounts of pantomimes at the London theatres given on another page the reports we have since received from gentlemen of our staff present at their performances on Boxing Night.

COVENT GARDEN.—The famous old story of *Robinson Crusoe* has been treated with great skill and effect in the production of the Christmas pantomime at this house. The scenery is admirable, the incidents delightfully varied and attractive, the hits palpable, the fun uproarious. Gorgeous and picturesque costumes, graceful dancing, good music, and brilliant spectacular effects combine to make this year's pantomime one of the best Covent Garden has ever produced. The "opening" deals first with poor Crusoe's matrimonial difficulties with his shrewish wife (George Thorne), whose temper is not improved by the cares and troubles of a large unruly family, and the fact that her husband has been from home all right. Crusoe resolves to go to sea with his friend, Captain Skuttle, of the good ship "Adventure." Consequently we next find Robinson Crusoe (Wallace) on the Quay at Southwark preparing to embark, the sailors taking leave of their sweethearts introduce a characteristic dance with swords, which carried away from the densely packed audience a storm of applause. As Crusoe ascends the ship's side, the juvenile tars climb into the ratlines to cheer, and in the midst of the bustle and excitement, Mrs. Crusoe frantic with her sorrow, rushes on only to see the vessel sail grandly away. Wild with despair she plunges into the sea to end at once her miseries and life, while her husband with his mischief-loving, troublesome son (Miss Nelly Bouvier) and his daughter Kate (Miss Nellie Russell) and her lover, Tom Trunnion (Miss P. Markham) one of the officers of the ship, formerly a waterman, depart for foreign lands. But in the next scene Crusoe finds the joy of his new-found freedom terribly damped. The sailors take to fishing, and catch some very odd things before they pull up an enormous shark, which changes all his glee to melancholy, for on opening it out comes—Mrs. Crusoe! Then arises a fierce storm, with an awful discovery. Captain Skuttle, who is in love with Kate, scuttles the ship, and they are all rapidly sinking. A well-managed scene next shows us the dismantled vessel at the mercy of the waves, in mist and rain, driven by a furious wind towards the shore. Then, contrasting the gloom and elemental warfare, a joyous little sunny scene follows, in which we see some charmingly dressed sea-nymphs disporting themselves, where yellow sands and coral grots make a picturesque bay. Then follows the story of Crusoe on the uninhabited island. He appears in the well-known costume of goat skins, sees a footprint made by Friday, whom, together with his parent, Saturday, he presently rescues from the grasp of the terrible King Hokey-Pokey. The interior of the hut, with the goat and dog, is the scene of a spelling bee. A procession of Indian warriors follows, which is replete with many magnificent and novel effects, and was greatly applauded. Mrs. Crusoe also escapes, and the Indian chief falling in love with her, proposes an exchange, whereby he hands his queen over to Robinson. Everything, however, comes to a satisfactory termination, and the pantomime concludes with a singularly gorgeous and elegant transformation scene. A notable feature of the entertainment is the agile movements of the Brothers Raynor, who appear as Friday and Saturday, and give their pleasant duet with bells. Specially fine was the scene representing Southwark, with the Tower of London in the distance. No hitch marred the business, and delays were few. Mr. W. Telbin's scenery throughout was excellent, and the music, arranged and selected by Mr. W. H. Montgomery, of capital quality. Mr. C. Rice's new pantomime, with a little judicious curtailment and closer packing, will be sure to prove one of the greatest hits of the season. We are glad to say of "the comic business" of this pantomime what we can say of very few others, it is free from coarseness and vulgarity, and is not one whit the less funny for that.

THE GLOBE has revived, for the holiday feature, Mr. J. R. Planché's charming fairy extravaganza, *The Invisible Prince*, a piece which, contrasted with the noisy bustle and wild extravagance of recent burlesques, assumes an aspect of quiet refinement and subtle delicacy that, without lessening its humour, adds strongly to its attractiveness in the estimation of those who do not regard reckless horse-play and noisy vulgarity as indispensable to the enjoyment of anything funny. Miss Rachel Sanger, as Alicotina, sings and dances with all her old ability, and enters into the spirit of her part with that arch vivacity, and apparent zest, and real enjoyment of it, which, without descending to extravagance, always render her acting so delightful. Miss Jennie Lee, as the Invisible Prince, although unfortunately suffering from a cold, looked her part most prettily, and sang the airs incidental to her character with no small vocal power. Miss Vining and Miss Louise Beverly were well received, and Mr. Barrett, as Feribond, was very amusing. The scenery was admirable, and awakened repeated plaudits; the artist, Mr. Bruce Smith, being loudly called for, duly bowed his acknowledgments from the footlights. The hitches common to a first night with elaborate sets though present, were not too numerous or serious, and the audience went away in a condition of satisfaction which argues well for the future of holiday attractions at the Globe.

THE NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE has selected the old, old story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, which is treated with considerable skill, and, with smart dialogue, gorgeous spectacle, and beautiful scenery, scoring a very decided hit. Mr. Cyrus Bell, as Ali Baba, was immensely popular with all sections of the crowded audience, whose favours were also very fairly shared by Mdlle. Sidonie (from the Alhambra), Madame Rose Bell, Miss Taylor, Miss Lawrie, and Miss Thompson; and the hundred or more members of the corps de ballet displayed great terpsichorean ability. One of the chief scenes—the Market Place of Bagdad—our artist has selected for his sketch. The ladies who rode astride on horseback evidently found their position a very novel one. The pantomime for artistic taste and scenic skill is unsurpassed by the best of its rivals, and the whole has been conceived with a strong feeling for the gorgeous richness of Oriental spectacle. The Cave scene, with its torch-light effects, created an outburst of enthusiastic approbation which was heartily deserved. Mr. Will Orkins was clown; Mr. Marriott pantaloon; Mr. Vincent, harlequin; and Miss Ada Laurie columbine.

THE GRECIAN THEATRE has long been famous for the great success of its pantomimes, and this year's, once more written by Mr. George Conquest and Mr. H. Spry, is quite up to its former high standard of excellence. Its title is *The Grim Goblin, or Harlequin Octopus, the Devil Fish, and the Fairies of the Flower Dell*. The story is described on another page, and we may add that the scenery is unusually fine, the transformation scene being the most gorgeously elaborate and effective we have yet seen. The wonderful athletic feats of Mr. Conquest and his son (who leap and dive in the most extraordinary way) called forth deafening roars of applause, expressed in every conceivable manner, not forgetting whistling, so that many were glad to stop their ears—ourselves amongst the number—with their hands. Mr. Nichols as Widow Grizzlegrief was quaintly funny, and created roar after roar of laughter in quick succession. Mr. H. Campbell as King Boobee delighted his audience. Miss H. Claremont made Master Hopefull a very interesting and pretty boy, and Hic Hac Hoc (Mr. G. Conquest) was grimly weird and mysterious in his cleverly

designed costume and "make-up." Mdlle. de Maurier as Princess Pearl delivered her lines with fairly good expression, and we must in passing note as the most charming and delightful child dancer on the stage, pretty little Ada Conquest, who plays a fairy part with an unusual degree of natural grace and elegance.

SANGER'S NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.—Possessed of extraordinary resources, and with an author practised from experience as to what will please the patrons of Astley's, the Messrs. Sanger have far exceeded their former pantomime glories by the production this year of *Gulliver on his Travels; or, Harlequin Robinson Crusoe and his Man Friday, and the Wonderful Spirit of Romance*. This gorgeous spectacle opens with a conference at the Lake of Limpid Crystal, in which Romance (Mdlle. Annetta Scasi) summons her executive council, and elects two dirty little boys (Gulliver and Crusoe) for her heroes. After a lapse of twenty years, Gulliver is discovered doing indifferently as a chemist, and Crusoe not much better as a lawyer's clerk. So great is their impecuniosity that a mutual friend, Captain Bumptious Blowhard (Mr. Bradfield), agrees to take them with him to Callao in his craft, the Pennywhistle; their friends and acquaintances endeavour in a chorus and dance of anguish to dissuade them. Aeolus raises a storm, and our heroes are wrecked. Gulliver is landed in a net by some fishermen on the shores of the City of Lilliput, and the fun of his adventures in the Lilliputian kingdom must be seen to be fully appreciated. Suffice it to say, that in the final scene Gulliver escapes from the dominions of King Tjantym (Miss Grey), and we find the abandoned friends and relatives of Gulliver and Crusoe at Margate, preparing to start for the Caribbean Islands, under charge of Winkyfum (Miss Emily Randall). To this, Romance objects, and to compensate for their disappointment, amuses them with a grand pageant in the Palace of the Queen of Nations. In this scene, which our artist has depicted, the whole of Messrs. Sanger's immense stud of horses, elephants, and camels, are exhibited, and the procession of the nations to do homage to the Queen of All Hearts (Miss Tinley) is composed of a huge army of coryphées and trained children. The adventures proper of Crusoe are here taken up, he having been saved from the wreck by Romance, finds himself on an island, where he meets Friday (Mr. J. Holloway), and, later, Captain Blowhard's search party, who have been led astray by Winki Fum, and destined by him to be eaten at a cannibal picnic. In this scene is introduced a most mirth-stirring farm-yard waltz of animals. A variety of serio-comic situations ensue, but in the end they are all rescued by the unexpected turning up of Gulliver, and the discomfiture of the Caribs. Romance then transports the party to the Pathless Region of Ice, where we find the Alert and Discovery in winter quarters, their crews keeping Christmas. Crusoe and Gulliver convey them the thanks and congratulations of their fellow countrymen, and make way for the "grand Transformation from winter's ice-bound realm to the brilliant bowers of Aurora." In the harlequinade which ensues, the names of the pantomimists engaged will best express the fun derived from their efforts; they are—Clown, Mr. W. Honrey; Pantaloan, Mr. D. Honrey; Harlequin, Mr. A. Lauraine; Columbine, Miss Lizzie Grosvenor, who, in the opening, plays most effectively Molly Mopps, Crusoe's betrothed. The management are much to be congratulated on having secured such a vocalist, as well as accomplished actress, in Mdlle. Annetta Scasi; she is admirably supported by Miss Georgina Smithson as Crusoe, and Mr. Gus Connelly as Gulliver. In fact, taken all round, the acting is of unusual excellence. Notwithstanding the thousands present on Boxing Night, there was no unseemly crushing, and much praise is due to the Messrs. Sanger and their indefatigable secretary, Mr. Sidney Cooper—who is the embodiment of politeness—for their admirable arrangements in disposing of the crowds attracted by their really gorgeous spectacle.

PARK THEATRE.—Mr. Richard W. South has opened his first London season with remarkable success with an excellent pantomime, entitled *Tom, Tom the Piper's Son*, for which he has been fortunate enough to engage the Payne family! We must reserve details for next week. Suffice it to predict, that by a curious combination of the points of the compass, conducted by the popularity of the manager, many will go north from east and west to get South.

THE GRANVILLE HALL, St. Lawrence-on-Sea. A series of vocal and dramatic entertainments have been commenced at the Granville Hall, St. Lawrence-on-Sea, which promise to be highly successful. The opening evening of December 23, the proposed performance not being sufficiently known, was but thinly attended; the second was, however, perfectly successful, the pretty and capacious hall attached to the hotel being well filled by a thoroughly appreciative audience. Amongst the vocalists who appeared on the latter occasion were Miss Emily Mott, Miss Lily Mott, Mr. David Keppel, and Mr. Frank Laughlin. Mr. E. Campbell (late of the Prince of Wales's Theatre) gave some imitations of popular actors, and Mr. Vyner Robinson, late of the Court Theatre and the Globe, aided by Miss Plowden, concluded a capital evening's amusement with their clever and amusing sketch, "The Happy Pair." The special and perfectly appointed train from London to Ramsgate, instituted in connection with these entertainments, was well filled, and arrived to the very second of its time.

[To be continued.]

## THE DRAMA.

IN accordance with the practice which has obtained of late years, the majority of the pantomimes and Christmas novelties have been produced in anticipation of the traditional Boxing Night. First in the field was Mr. Chatterton, at the Adelphi, where, previous to its first regular representation, on Saturday afternoon, a dress rehearsal of *Little Goody Two Shoes; or, Harlequin Little Boy Blue*, a children's pantomime performed entirely by children, took place on Wednesday afternoon. This pantomime will be performed in the afternoon only, the programme in the evening consisting of the *Shaughraun* (in which Mr. G. Leitch now replaces Mr. Sullivan as Conn) and Baby Benson in her singularly clever characteristic specialities. The Crystal Palace followed next with its superbly-mounted pantomime, *Sinbad the Sailor*, brought out in the afternoon of Thursday. In the evening the Gaiety and Strand put forth their novelties. At the former Mr. Reece's burlesque, *William Tell Told Again*, with Mr. Toole, Mr. Collette, and Mr. A. Bishop (who has returned to the regular stage) respectively as the Swiss patriot Tell, Gesler the Tyrant, and Old Sarnem, and Miss Louisa Henderson, and the vivacious Miss Kate Phillips as Tell's wife and son. At the latter, Mrs. Swanborough's special Christmas dish is a musical burlesque, *The Lying Dutchman, a Phantom Folly*, which, also having nothing in connection with Wagner's opera, so successful recently at the Lyceum, except in its travestied title, is a right merry and amusing piece of absurdity, and rendered so by the pointed and piquant acting and singing of M. Marius and Miss Lottie Venne, and the quaint humour of Mr. J. G. Taylor and the vigorous dancing of M. Cox.

On Saturday evening, the Princess's and Royalty re-opened, the former after the short recess of a week, with a resumption of Mr. Wills's play of *Jane Shore*, with Miss Heath again as the erring and persecuted heroine, and the cast in some respects al-

tered. Mr. Emery now appears in the part of John Grist the kind-hearted baker, Mr. Howard Russell replaces Mr. James Fernandez as the Duke of Glo'ster, and Mr. Henry Sinclair succeeds Mr. Edward Peice as the goldsmith, Jane's husband. The historical play was followed by a new comic ballet pantomime, entitled *Jocko, or the Brazilian Ape*, supported by the Martinis. At the Royalty, Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers* was revived, with Miss Santley as Eurydice, Mr. Walter Fisher as Orpheus, and Mr. Stoyle as Jupiter. At the Criterion on the same evening a new comic drama, in two acts, by Mr. James Mortemer was produced, with approved success, under the title of *Dorothea's Stratagem*, as a Christmas accompaniment to *Hot Water*, which still continues its career of popularity, and at the Surrey and nearly all the outlying theatres, Boxing night was forestalled by the production of the pantomimes.

Numerous performances took place on Tuesday (Boxing Day). Mr. Toole appeared as *Robert Macaire* and *William Tell* at the Gaiety, when also afternoon performances were on Wednesday (*Grand Duchess*), Thursday (*La Belle Helene*), and yesterday (*Madame Angot*) supported by Miss Alice May, the Australian prima donna, and South's comic opera company; also at the Opera Comique, Haymarket, Adelphi, Aquarium, Alhambra, &c. On Boxing night the pantomime at Drury Lane was produced.

BRITANNIA.—The pantomime at this theatre is called *Turlututu*, and relates chiefly to the ambitious love of a young fisherman (*Turlututu*) for the Princess Snow-Wing. We are first introduced to His Highness the Prince of Darkness, who despatches Le Diable to the earth on a mission of mischief. We are soon made acquainted with Phosphorielle, a charming diablesse, groaning under the conviction that her lord is unfaithful. He is heard knocking without, and she denies him admittance, but, like an artful fiend, he descends by the chimney, and after mutual recriminations he forces his angry spouse into a golden casket, locks it, and bears it away. We then see how it is thrown into the sea, fished up by *Turlututu*, who breaks it open, releasing Phosphorielle. She becomes his guardian genius, and bestows upon him a magic hat, which proves very useful. The course of true love must not run smoothly even in pantomime, and we follow the amorous pair through many vicissitudes, to see them united at last. Eleven beautiful scenes have been expressly painted by the artists of the theatre, Messrs. W. Charles and W. W. Small. The transformation scene is said to eclipse all Mr. Charles's previous efforts, and in addition to the Britannia company, Mrs. S. Lane, Mr. Fred Foster, and Miss Pollie Randall will appear, and when we add that the harlequinade is in the hands of those clever pantomimists, the Lupino Troupe, we think we have said enough to prove that the Christmas fare at the Britannia equals any in London. We have instructed a member of our artistic staff to obtain a drawing of one of the principal scenes for our next issue.

THE PAVILION pantomime is entitled *Gulliver's Travels*, and that at the Elephant and Castle, written by Mr. W. M. Akhurst, is called *Little Tom Tucker who Sang for his Supper; or, Harlequin Robin Hood and Little John, or the Funny Foresters' Fate*, in which Mr. James Fawn, Mr. W. B. Fair, and Miss Susie Vaughan appear.

THE ROYALTY reopened, under the direction of Mr. D'Oyley Carte, with Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers*, supported by Miss Kate Santley, as Eurydice, and Miss Rose Roberts, Blanche Sabine, Rose Cullen, and Messrs. Stoyle, Kelleher, and W. H. Fisher, in other characters.

CRITERION.—A new comic drama, by Mr. James Mortimer, entitled *Dorothy's Stratagem*, produced for the first time on last Saturday evening, will continue to precede *Hot Water* during the holidays.

DUKE'S.—A new pantomimic steeplechase by the monkeys and dogs has been with "A Christmas Dinner" the holiday addition to the other clever performances of M. Broekman's trained animals at this theatre.

HENGLER'S.—The fairy spectacle of *Cinderella*, supported by a troupe of juvenile artistes, is the holiday attraction here.

ALHAMBRA.—Johann Strauss's comic opera, *Die Fledermaus*, produced here on Monday week, and noticed in our last number, was supplemented on Boxing Night by a Grand New Ballet, entitled *The Fairies' Home*, composed expressly for this theatre by M. Justament, the music by M. G. Jacobi. The scenery is amongst the most effective and picturesque ever seen, even at the Alhambra, and the dances have been arranged with some curiously novel and very beautiful effects, to which we may have occasion to refer at greater length on another occasion.

THE GAIETY.—Mr. Reece's new burlesque, *William Tell Told Again*.

STRAND.—A new musical burlesque, *The Lying Dutchman*.

GLOBE.—A revival of Mr. Planché's extravaganza, *The Invisible Prince*, with Miss Jennie Lee in the leading part, is the Christmas attraction at this house, in conjunction with Mr. Boucicault's drama, *Hunted Down*.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—This year's pantomime, produced under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, and the first representation of which took place on Thursday last week, is entitled *Sinbad the Sailor*, and is from the pen of the Brothers Grimm. The part of Sinbad is played by Miss Edith Bruce. The scenery of the opening is by Mr. F. Fenton and Mr. Julian Hicks, and the great Transformation Scene is from the imaginative pencil of Mr. C. Brew. Several entirely new ideas, especially adapted to the exceptional requirements of the great transept, are introduced to enhance the general effect, and strenuous efforts have been made to transcend in scenery, dresses, and other details, all previous Christmas annuals at the Crystal Palace.

POLYTECHNIC.—As usual, several novelties are put forth at this institution for the holidays, the principal of which is a Danish Fairy Ghost Story, entitled *Hyldemaer*, translated and adapted by Mr. E. Rose, and recited by Mr. Seymour Smith; and a Chemical Magic Shadow Pantomime; Famous Statues under the Limelight; Christmas and its Customs, and the "Talking Lion."

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—The Christmas novelty at the German Reed's Entertainment is a Fairy vision in One Peep, entitled *Our Doll's House*, written by Mr. W. Wye; the music by Mr. Cotsford Dick.

THE Adelphi Theatre at Albany, which has of late obtained somewhat notorious character, took fire on the morning of the 8th inst., and in a very short space of time was reduced to a heap of cinders and ashes, the brick front alone remaining standing. The building was occupied by John J. Kirkpatrick, he having opened only a week or two previously. Most of the company lost costumes, &c., ranging from 25dols. to 300dols. The building, which was owned by Gerson Oppenheim, was insured for 6,000dols. Mr. Oppenheim said he believed his loss would exceed 12,000dols. It is supposed that the fire originated from a small stove placed on the stage with no zinc beneath it, and that it was smouldering all night. Charles W. Barney, a member of the Fire Brigade, was at the rear of the building when a portion of the back wall fell, carrying him down with it. His comrades rescued him, but he had sustained a fracture of the left arm, a scalp wound, and several bruises.

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## OUI DIRE.

THERE is a story which, whether true or false, is told of the American marksman at the Olympic Theatre. While in America he was haled before a judge to answer to the charge of assisting at a dangerous exhibition. He pleaded that in consequence of the exactness of his aim there was no element of danger in the performance. "How will you prove that to me?" said the judge, to whom Mr. Frayne innocently made answer: "Say, you just put an apple on top of that ugly old head of yours; then hand me my rifle, and you'll durned soon find a stream of fresh cider running all down your judicial cheek. No, sir! There's no danger!"

SOME one, writing from Genoa on Thursday, has sent an account of an alarming scene the previous night in the Andrea Doria Theatre in that city. He says:—"The huge chandelier had been lighted, as usual, above the sliding roof; and this roof having receded right and left, to admit of the descent of the mountain of light, all eyes were turned upwards to notice its graduated fall—always an object of admiration and excitement—when an unusual rattling of the glasses, and a more than ordinarily speedy start struck the people below with terror, and they rushed frantically screaming from their seats. Short as was this warning, it was happily sufficient; but the spectators had scarcely time to look round ere the ponderous mass was landed in their just vacated stalls, now crushed into firewood. That no one was injured, not to say killed, is indeed a miracle. The performance did not take place afterwards."

AN occasional correspondent, now in Egypt, informs a contemporary that the recent passengers by the Khedive were singularly fortunate in having on board with them Miss Minnie Walton and Mr. Lytton E. Sothern, both lately connected with the Haymarket Theatre, and on their way to fulfil engagements in Melbourne. They quickly improved the occasion by organising a series of dramatic performances, the first of which took place the night before entering the Suez Canal, the plays being *Who Speaks First?* and *Twenty Minutes with a Tiger*, both of which were received with unbounded applause. Miss Walton and Mr. Sothern acted in the latter piece, and, as theatrical critics would say, fully sustained the reputation they had acquired on the London boards. Their coadjutors among the passengers, stimulated by their example and guided by their experience, one and all exerted themselves to the utmost, and succeeded in earning their full share of the plaudits. The prologue being specially written for the occasion, and the scenery painted by an artist lately on the staff of the *Graphic*, gave a finish to the entertainment such as is seldom found anywhere but in a first-class theatre.

A New York paper says of the recent terrible fire at the Brooklyn Theatre:—"It would be impossible to describe the scene that ensued. At the appearance of the flames in the 'flies' a murmur went through the audience as of surprise, which quickly turned into a cry of horror as the fire, leaping upwards and curling about the scenery, cracked and roared as it swept through the light woodwork. It was the work of an instant, and, almost before the audience had fully realised the awful situation, the entire stage trappings overhead were one mass of fire. The cry of 'Fire! fire!' rang forth from the galleries, and amid the shrieks of the women and the curses of the men, a rush was made for the doors. The men were as wild as the women, and everyone seemed intent upon saving himself, regardless of what might befall anybody else. It was the law of self-preservation asserting itself in selfish struggles to escape. Strong men fought with desperation to make their way towards the doors, and in endeavouring to do so trampled down the women in their way, who, struggling and shrieking, cried out hopelessly for help. It was all in vain that a few men, more self-possessed than others, endeavoured to calm the fears of the affrighted crowd, and that a cry came from the stage that all would be over in a minute. The rush for the vestibule continued, the seats were broken down in the general confusion. With the desperation of extreme fear, the struggling men and women tugged and hung on to one another as they pushed their way down from the galleries—many, overcome with fright, falling to the floor, only to be bruised and crushed by the terrified multitude behind them. Fortunately, the vestibule was a large one, and the doors opened freely in and out on what are called double acting hinges, else there might have to be chronicled this morning one of the most frightful disasters that ever occurred in this country. Even as it was, the vestibule was too small to prevent a scene of the wildest confusion and terror as the crowd from the dress circle and galleries and that from the parquet met in the vestibule near the doors, and for a moment or so the crush threatened a dire calamity. Men, women, and children were huddled together in one writhing, shrieking mass, and, so tightly were they wedged near the door, that it was almost an impossibility for the police, who had come to the rescue early, to make a break through the crowd in order to relieve those in front from the pressure of the terrified people behind, who were madly endeavouring to reach the street hatless and coatless. Some of the men fought with the energy of giants to pull down those who were in their way, while cries of despair and shrieks of agony rent the air on all sides. Many of the women were dragged out of the crowd by the police with their clothes torn to shreds, several of them having their dresses stripped off their backs. The policemen succeeded finally in getting the vestibule cleared. The side walk at this time was littered with dresses, muffs, hats, and shawls, and many women, as they found themselves safe in the street, fell fainting to the ground. The excitement in the neighbourhood was intense, and the streets in the vicinity were filled by thousands who were almost as frenzied as the people who had had such a narrow escape from a frightful death. Relatives and friends of the persons known to have gone to the theatre stood on the side walk crying and wringing their hands, and piteously asking the police to let them go to the rescue of those whom they feared were in danger of their lives. The whole scene was a terrible one, and will not soon be forgotten by any one who witnessed it."

WE were glancing, a few days since, through a book translated from the French, by John Petto, and recently published by Messrs. Sampson, Low, and Co., wherein we met with the following account of some curious theatrical performances at Hamburg, in a theatre outside which some large pictorial placards were attracting a great crowd, and announcing a novel entertainment by "Jenkins Brothers, Citizens of Free America." We join the author, and enter the theatre. At the moment that we take our seats, the stage is occupied by two persons represented in the bills. They are clothed in an odd costume, the one being dressed like a Hungarian, and the other in a sort of pelisse, resembling that of a Russian peasant. They clash their sabres against each other with looks as terrible as their blows. After a short time and many attempts, the Hungarian gives his adversary a severe cut through his sleeve; the hand of the Russian, dropping the sword, rolls down to the middle of the stage before the horrified spectator. Blood flows from the wrist in large drops, and stains the floor; the wounded man turns pale and falls. Others rush to him, and carry him off, while the Hungarian, picking up the hand of his opponent, waves it over his head, showing the contracted

fingers, the blue nails, and the bleeding wound; it is a hideous sight. The stage remains vacant for a few minutes, till the two antagonists return, show their four hands uninjured, bow to the company, and the curtain falls. When it rises again there is nothing on the stage but a box of oblong form and dismal appearance, the sight of which in such a place makes a painful impression. When the spectators have had time to contemplate this sight, and their emotion is sufficiently excited, a man enters, dressed in black, with a white neckcloth, armed with a hammer, and with his hand full of nails. He opens the box, which resembles a coffin, turns it all round strikes it on all sides and invites those present to examine and see that it is fastened tightly together. During this preliminary operation, a fresh personage, a woman, makes her appearance, dressed in a winding-sheet, which covers her from head to foot, and fits closely to her body. She places herself in the coffin, and her companion carefully nails down the lid; then he spreads over it a black pall, covered with white spots, resembling tears, and, having done this, he retires. We looked on with much astonishment, not understanding the whole proceeding, and unable to guess what was about to happen, when the coffin suddenly begins to tremble, the *dead-alive* struggles, and begs, as well as she can, to be released from her prison. At first there are nothing but dull sounds; then you hear her heels beating against the sides of the coffin, and the head moving up and down in despair; the hands endeavour to tear with their nails the smooth surface of the wood: the most frightful silence reigns in the hall; you may imagine that you hear the panting breath of the woman thus struggling between four boards; then cries of fear are heard among the spectators, which are instantly hushed. But the movement of the coffin becomes more sudden and violent; it rolls about shaken by the poor creature supposed to be in such fearful convulsions, and struggling in her anguish, a prey to terror and fright. We seem to see her, with her writhing and bleeding limbs, heaving herself, without a moment's cessation, against the walls that confine her; she loses her senses, she sees nothing, feels nothing now. There is not sufficient air for her to breathe; her strength is exhausted and her cries are stifled. Then the movements become less rapid; they cease for awhile, only to recommence with greater energy and courage; then all is quiet again; the dismal box shakes for the last time, and all is over. They throw the pall over the coffin again, and carry it away not a moment too soon. What a nightmare it seemed! but the movement given to the coffin by a person thus enclosed within four planks of wood, and without space to move and throw about her limbs, must be a very difficult gymnastic feat. Fortunately, to revive our spirits a young girl appeared, extremely pretty, but so lightly clad that one knew not whether she were about to dress, or had just finished undressing. She was well-formed, however, and took no pains to conceal it. She advanced timidly, with downcast looks and trembling voice; her beautiful eyes scarcely dared to glance around. This behaviour contrasted so strangely with her dress, that we asked ourselves, as in the preceding scenes, what was about to take place. The heroine crosses the stage, and sings in French it was said, and we suppose it was, some lines from the "Belle Hélène." When this was over, she turned and found herself confronted by a person in the fancy costume of an executioner—one half red, and the other black—who seized her by the nape of the neck. She fell gracefully backwards, and he stabbed her with a poinard in the breast. The blade disappeared; the executioner gave it a slight twist, and drew it out again; the blood flowed, dyeing the white robe of the victim who fell, with her hair dishevelled, her eyes closed, her face, her arms, her breast, and her limbs livid, yet still exhibiting in her fall the remarkable plasticity of her frame. This trick was less successful than the preceding; it was too evidently seen that the executioner, while twisting his dagger in the wound, fixed on the bosom of his victim an adhesive picture, intended to favour the deception; but how was it possible to produce in a moment such decidedly death-like hues? This little performance satisfied us, and we did not care to wait for the conclusion of the exhibition, but hastened to our lodgings for the night. Shall we ever see Jenkins Brothers, citizens of Free America, in this country? and if we do, what kind of a reception will such sickening horrors meet at the hands of an indulgent British public? How the readers of the *Police News* would crowd to such an "entertainment"!

A SUBSCRIBER says, two little boys wanted their papa to give them a piece of ground for a garden, which he did. The eldest proposed to have a row of bricks to divide it, but his papa said a few flower roots would be prettier, such as daisies, primroses, or lobelias. "Oh yes," said the little fellow, "Lobelias, Ophelias, Barry Sullivans, or Irving's would look best." Our correspondent moreover wishes to know why Mr. Barry Sullivan was not at the banquet given by the Lord Mayor in October last?

*Appleton's Journal* asks "Who invented the pianoforte?" and thus replies:—"The Florentines, having caught the Centennial infection, propose to commemorate, next year, the one-hundredth anniversary of the death of a certain Christofori, for whom they demand the honour of having given to the world the most elaborate and perfect of musical instruments. But Christofori's claim is not of the clearest, and is very earnestly disputed. The fact probably is, that to no single inventor do we owe the piano. It gradually grew out of a number of successive improvements on the ancient stringed instruments. The old lute, and spinnet, and harpsichord were played upon by the fingers; the piano is also stringed, and the main difference between it and the harp in mechanical principle is the substitution of the 'jacks,' or hammers, which strike upon the strings instead of twanging them. Who thought of this idea of the jack and the keys by which the hand communicated with it? He, perhaps, has the best right to the credit of the invention; but, whether it was the Bohemian Schröter, or the French Marius, or the Venetian Christofori, it seems impossible now to determine. A disputed invention a century old is hard to settle; even the discovery of ether as an anaesthetic agent, made within thirty years, is involved in a maze of contradictory evidence. But, even if Christofori was the inventor of the pianoforte, Florence can scarcely claim the reflected honour, for he was of scholastic Padua. It is interesting to think that the piano is but little over a century old, and that, while Mozart only lived to see it coming into vogue, Beethoven was almost the first great composer who made use of it for the purposes of composition. What an incalculable benefit the piano has been to the later maestri!"

HORATIO ROSS, in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, referring to an article on steeplechases, reminding him of very old times, and in which his name was mentioned, said—"I do not know anything about the steeplechase ridden by officers of the 10th Hussars in 1810, but the first race of that description which has been officially recorded was one in which I rode Clinker against Captain Douglas on Radical, from Barkly Holt to the Billesdon Coplow, Leicestershire, on March 30, 1826. The distance was a little over four miles. I was fortunate in being the winner, and it is the first race mentioned in the 'Steeplechase Calendar.' A few of the hunting men of that distant period tried to introduce steeplechases, thinking it was a manly, chivalrous sport, and that it would encourage the breeding of the noblest of all horses—thoroughbred weight-carriers. The seed which was then sown has certainly produced a very large crop, but from what I hear I fear it is not altogether satisfactory. There are 'too many tares amongst the wheat.' Handicapping was introduced. This led

to light-weight riders, and as a necessary consequence professional jockeys had to be employed. Much doubt, whether justly or not I cannot say, was thrown on the fairness of these races—the grand old well-bred weight-carriers were driven from the field, crushed by the heavy weight at which they were handicapped, and their place was taken by the most useless of all animals—viz., miserable thoroughbred weeds, who would only gallop over very easy ground, with small fences, and light weights on their backs. I think all this might be remedied, if the hard-riding men of the present day took it up. The English like fair play and what is straightforward, and if these gentlemen, whose numbers are now legion, compared to what they were fifty years ago, would set their faces against all handicapping, insist on gentlemen riders and 'fair hunting weight—say 12½ or 13 stone—steeplechases would again become what we, who originated them, intended and hoped they would be—viz., a fine, manly, national sport."

A HUMOROUS account has been given of a run with the North Herefordshire Hounds. The meet was at Breinton, which locality being near Hereford, a large and miscellaneous field assembled, and a fox being found, approached the residence of Mr. Lewis, and looked in at the yard-door, but, feeling indignant at having the greasy Jim Crow hat of a butcher thrown in his face, he turned into the shrubs, just for "a blind," for he was not to be thwarted in his intention. As he had come so near to the squire's, he thought he would see who was sharing his hospitality. Of course, the sudden *entrée* of so distinguished and unexpected a guest quite disturbed the equanimity of the whole posse of female servants, whose voices in ceaseless clangour disturbed the slumbers of even the Spirit of the Wye, for there were loud cries of "The fox is in the drawing-room!" "The fox is on the table!" But, before the announcement could be made known to the master of the pack, "cookey," more courageous than the rest, essayed to lampoon him out, and in return for her audacity, he planted his teeth in the back of her hand, tearing up the flesh severely from the thumb joint. The chase round the drawing-room waxed warm and merry, and when Master Reynard was compelled to quit the apartment, he was not at all disposed to leave the premises, so he bolted upstairs into one of the bedrooms, followed by the squire, the butcher, and sundry other persons. Forced to beat a retreat from under the bed, frightened by the butcher's hat being thrown at him, he leaped up at the window-frame, intending to get through, but he only "starred" the glass, and there clung, struggling on a window ledge, looking into the back yard. He was at last got out, and the hounds being kept back, a good run to Burghill and a kill followed.

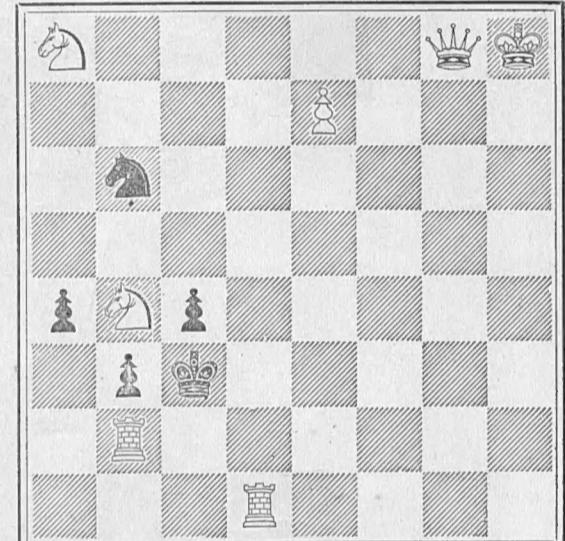
## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LITTLE BOY.—If in problem No. 122 the black Q takes B, White mates by Kt to Q B second. Your solution of No. 123 is correct. J. B. (Boxford).—If found correct, it shall be inserted. Is your intended solution 1. R to B 6, 2. R to K 6, &c.? CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED from J. B., Tight Stays, W. M., and James.

PROBLEM NO. 125.  
By F. W. MARTINDALE.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

The following interesting game occurred in a match now progressing between two well-known London amateurs, Major Martin and Mr. Janssen:

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Maj. M.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Maj. M.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	19. P to Q Kt 3	R to K 3
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	20. Q to Q 3	B takes Kt
3. B to B 4	B to B 4	21. P takes B	B to B 2
4. Castles	Kt to K B 3	22. P to B 4	Q R to K (sq)
5. P to Q B 3	Kt takes P	23. R to K Kt (sq)	Q to K 2
6. B to Q 5	Kt tks K B P (a)	24. R to Kt 4	P to K B 4
7. R takes Kt	B takes R (ch)	25. R to Kt 5	P to K Kt 3
8. K takes B	Kt to K 2	26. R to Kt 3	K to B 2 (b)
9. Q to Kt 3	Castles	27. R to R 3	K to Kt 2
10. P to Q 4	Kt takes B	28. P to Q R 4	P to K R 3
11. Q takes Kt	P takes P	29. R to Kt 3	K to B 2
12. P takes K	P to Q B 3	30. P to K R 3	P to Q R 4
13. Q to Q 6	R to K (sq)	31. R to K 3	Q to R 5 (ch)
14. Kt to Q B 3	R to K 3	32. K to Kt 2	R takes R
15. Q to K B 4	P to Q 4	33. B takes R	R to K 3
16. B to Q 2	R to B 3	34. Kt to K 2	Q to K 8
17. Q to Kt 5	Q to Kt 3	35. K to B 3	Q to R 8 (ch)
18. Q to K 3	B to K 5	36. K to Kt 3	Q to K 8 (ch)

And the game was drawn by mutual consent (c).

(a) The R and two pawns are not an equivalent for the two minor pieces in such a position as this.

(b) Lost time. He should have played the K to Kt 2 at once.

(c) In our judgment the position is slightly in black's favour.

PERFORMANCES, described as "Declamatory Readings and Recitals with Acting," have been given at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, by Signorina Antonini, who comes to this country with the recommendation of Signor Salvini.

WESTON, the American pedestrian, is walking round and showing his muscles at the Agricultural Hall. He boasts that he can "lick all creation." His memory is not as vigorous as his sinews. He forgets that O'Leary, an Irishman, beat him in the United States, beat his time in England, and is ready to meet—and probably, to beat—him again. Was not this self-confident champion aware that O'Leary had, previous to his challenge, entered into articles to walk a man in the North of England on exactly the same days fixed for his exhibition in the Agricultural Hall? How the shade of Philonides, the courier of Alexander, who ran from Sicyon to Elis, 160 miles, in nine hours, must smile on these puny moderns.—Yorick.

## MUSIC.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

THE Genius of Pantomime is paramount just now, and music, *pur et simple*, hides its diminished head. Many Christmas performances of *The Messiah* have been given, but none has presented occasion for special comment; and the theme is trite. Yesterday the Annual Concert of the professional students of the London Academy of Music was given at St. George's Hall, too late for notice this week. On this day next, Saturday, January 6, Mr. John Boosey's annual series of London Ballad Concerts will commence at St. James's Hall. On Friday next the Sacred Harmonic Society will perform *Elijah* at Exeter Hall, and on the following Monday, Jan. 8, the Monday Popular Concerts will be resumed at St. James's Hall. The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts will not be recommenced until Feb. 3; and not until that date will music resume its sway as a generally popular form of entertainment.

The production of Offenbach's opéra-bouffe *Orphée aux Enfers*, on Saturday last, at the Royalty Theatre, is the only recent event which possesses any kind of musical interest. It has been revived under advantageous circumstances. A new English version has been written by Mr. Alfred Thompson, who has done his best to comply with the requirements of opéra-bouffe audiences, and who has at all events avoided indelicacy, even if he have failed to impart brilliance. He has been more successful in designing the new costumes, which are varied and tasteful, and are made of the costliest kind of materials. The ingenuity of an artist who undertakes to design opéra-bouffe costumes is every year more severely tasked, as every year the amount of each performer's costume appears to diminish. Some of the apologies for "costume" which were worn on Saturday last (that of Cupid, for instance) illustrated Mr. Thompson's ability to make the most of limited opportunities; and in the more ample dresses worn by Juno, Venus, Diana, and Eurydice his inventive skill was happily displayed. If we dwell on this subject, it is because the question of costume is all-important in opéra-bouffe. The music is of secondary importance, and the chief attractions are graceful figures, more or less brilliantly costumed; pretty faces, more or less intelligent; dances, more or less delicate; acting, more or less refined; and as liberal a display of female charms as public decency will permit. The music of *Orphée aux Enfers* is not Offenbach's best, but much of it is very pretty, and deserves to be well sung. Had music been the real attraction in last Saturday's performance of *Orphée*, it may be presumed that capable vocalists would have been engaged; but hardly any of the young lady performers appeared to have even elementary ideas of the art of singing. An exception must be made in favour of Miss Kate Santley, who is a trained vocalist, and knows how to make the best use of the vocal means she possesses. She would be more thoroughly satisfactory if less disposed to play at her audience. Dramatic illusion is destroyed when an artist who should be occupied in the business of the scene directs her discourse to admirers "in front," and practises on stalls and boxes those fascinations which should form part of her stage business with other artists. Miss Santley sang some of her airs in really good style, and occasionally made a satisfactory shake. It was not, however, her best, but her worst singing which obtained the warmest applause. Her chief success was made in an interpolated song, entitled "Go away, get along!" a silly effusion, of the class which suits music-hall audiences. Its silliness and bad taste were fully developed by the *prononcé* style in which it was sung; and it is unfair to Offenbach's work to introduce into it such wretched stuff, although the gallery folks thought fit to encore the last verse again and again. Of the other artists it will only be necessary to say that Miss Rose Cullen (Venus), Miss Macarthy as "Luna, Queen of Olympus" (? Juno), Miss Rose Roberts (Mercury), and a number of other young ladies were charming in appearance, and that Messrs. Walter Fisher, Stoye, and Hallam were excellent as Orpheus, Jupiter, and Pluto. Mr. Hermann conducted with much ability, and the band, though not numerous, was satisfactory. The new scenery by Mr. Julian Hicks merits praise. Mr. W. H. Liston's skilful management of the *mise en scène* deserves special recognition.

(Owing to accidental circumstances, our "Monthly Musical Review" will not appear until Saturday next.)

## REVIEWS.

*A Century of Discovery.* Translated from the German of Theodore Vogel. London: Seeley, Jackson and Halliday.

This is an interesting book, treating in a popular style of the famous brave old Portuguese and Spanish navigators, from Prince Henry to Pizarro, who were earliest in the great sphere of maritime discovery. The author has grouped his subjects very cleverly, and the book has consequently a compactness and completeness which adds considerably to its value. It is a well-illustrated volume, which most boys will take to kindly, and be the better for possessing.

*The Englishman's Christmas Annual, 1877.* Englishman Office, Fleet-street. There is rather less of Kencaly than might have been expected in this remarkable production, and about as much of Tichborne as unbelievers in the martyr-baronet can comfortably swallow. For the rest, the book is not without its merits. "The Fatal Compact; or, The Skeleton's Bride," is a flesh-creeping story of the good old sort. We commend it to the notice of those dramatic authors who are ambitious of shining on the boards of "Queen Victoria's Own Theatre." The following passage describes one of the personages who sit luridly around "The Skeleton's Bride." He is the veritable villain of the Vic. "In the year — Paris was moved with the most extraordinary performances of a young artist, whose portraits were the most wonderful, and his miniatures the most exquisite ever beheld. There was a mystery about him, too, provokingly delightful to the female portion of the community. His manners were forbidding and repulsive, and he was never known to smile. After a period, whispers got abroad that several of his female subjects came to strange and untimely deaths. They were seized with a dangerous malady, and generally fancied themselves possessed. Wailings, shrieks, and horrible blasphemies proceeded from the lips of the sufferers." Over whom we charitably draw a veil. It would not be fair to the narrator of this thrilling Italian legend to lay bare a secret which, to obtain a knowledge of, the reader, hurries breathlessly on like one "possessed," until he has devoured the last page. "The Skeleton's Bride" is a story to be read. It is interesting to know that there is a thoroughbred Banshee with a wonderful upper register in Dr. Kencaly's family. Scarcely less interesting to meet the learned Doctor in a new character—that of a story-teller. "A Californian Tragedy" (the title given to a narrative of a most singular duel) is described by the member for Stoke in a manner that would do no discredit to the vigorous pen of Bret Harte. In fine, however, the colder admirers of the learned Doctor may deplore the occasional absence of sweetness and light from the pages of his Christmas

Annual, they cannot deny that, like the mead of the Norsemen, "it is strong stinging stuff" if it also be a trifle rough. Most of the illustrations are hideous.

*Eat, Drink, and be Merry.* London: J. A. Brook and Co. We have here an amusing collection of anecdotes relating to eating and drinking in all their phases, interspersed with morsels of useful information, and many things that are both curious and interesting.

*A Book of Angling.* By Francis Francis, of the *Field*. Fourth Edition. London: Longmans and Co.—The popularity of this excellent work is sufficiently proved by the fact of its already having reached a fourth edition. Although not a large, it is a bulky volume, packed full of very useful and reliable information. The best of the more recent practical improvements and discoveries are carefully dealt with; the author has collected notes made in all parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and has put the experience and knowledge he thus acquired into concise and simple language, and a thoroughly practical form. The book deserves our heartiest commendation.

*Shooting and Fishing Trips in England, France, Alsace, Belgium, Holland, and Bavaria.* By "Wildfowler." London: Chapman and Hall.—In the pair of volumes before us, "Wildfowler" gives much that will be attractive, useful, and interesting to all who are fond of wild-fowl shooting and sea-fishing. His personal experience in diversified phases of these sports, as they were found in the countries he visited, are told in a spirit of cheerful enthusiasm which makes light of all those sore trials of fortitude, patience, and manly endurance, which are common to these sports, wherever they are followed. He is a cheerful companion, with whom a little time may be very profitably and pleasantly occupied. Dealing with his own adventures, he can hardly refrain from talking much of himself, nor, in fairness, can he be expected to hide his gallant deeds from the light; but his egotism, apparent or real, coming to us in a guise, half jocular, half serious, gives character, and makes the volumes far more readable than they would be without it.

*Sport in Many Lands.* By H. A. L. ("The Old Shekarry.") London: Chapman and Hall.—These profusely illustrated volumes by the late Major Henry Astbury Leveson, who as "The Old Shekarry" contributed many a pleasant column of sporting literature to these pages, have a melancholy interest for ourselves and our subscribers. Many of the illustrations have already appeared in our pages, but the literary matter is full of varied interest, and dealing with sport in many of its most exciting and adventurous phases will commend itself to a large section of our readers. Hairbreadth escapes and deeds of gallant daring, with many a novel incident are described picturesquely and with much vigour. Major Leveson pursued sport in many lands, and thus acquired a degree of experience, the record of which cannot fail to be found useful to all who seek the dangers he so fearlessly encountered.

## MUSIC-HALL "COMIQUES."

FUTURE philologists may (says the *Pall Mall Gazette* in a recent issue) be troubled to explain how it happened that towards the end of the nineteenth century comic singers came to be known in England as "comiques." The "comique" of a London music hall would resent, in the present day, being spoken of as a comic singer, or even as a comic vocalist. He announces himself to the world as the "comique," or, more probably as the "great comique," and if asked the reason why, would no doubt content himself with replying that he does so because such is the fashion. He might indeed add that apart from the absurdity of giving himself a French name, or rather of describing himself by means of a French word, the impropriety of calling a comic singer a "comique" is not greater than that of calling a general officer a "general." Then he might point out that gradually the term "comique" has got to acquire a special meaning; so that it is now used to denote, not any one who, seriously and as a matter of business, sings comic songs, but one in particular who sings comic songs of a certain type, such as find favour in the eyes of music-hall audiences. It may seem odd to give even a moment's attention to so objectionable a character as the music-hall comique, of whom it will be a species of flattery merely to say that he is vulgarity personified. But in one way or another, and not in his professional capacity alone, he is constantly coming before the public; and a question has just arisen in a law court as to the ordinary pecuniary worth of his songs. Many persons will be astonished, perhaps disgusted, to hear that a comic song such as "Slap, Bang! here we are again" is valued at from £1,000 to £2,000. Not that any such large sum is paid either to the author of the words or to the composer of the music. The poet's fee in connection with comic songs—or rather in connection with songs for the comique—is the modest but professional one of a guinea. Such faith, it is true, is placed in the genius of the bard that his publishers give him the magic twenty-one shillings for whatever in song form he chooses to write, and that in spite of the fact that they do not always turn his labours to account. The lyrst does not invariably produce such a masterpiece that it will be possible beyond doubt to make money out of it. In this case the guinea bestowed upon him has been wasted. Nevertheless, nourished by the golden shower, he continues to put forth literary and poetical leaves. His genius will at times nod. But when he is wide awake—and his knowledge of life would seem to show that he is sometimes very wide awake indeed—he may give to the world a ditty not inferior to "Champagne Charley" itself. A really popular comic song—not such a trifle as "Passing the Time Away," which has not yet touched the great heart of the nation, but a lyric of true power, like "Tommy make room for your Uncle," will sell from 70,000 to 90,000 copies. It would be wrong, however, to regard "Passing the Time Away" as either in a pecuniary or in any other point of view a contemptible composition. In conjunction with "The Poor Little Sweep," "Flirting with Nell," and "I can't make it out, can you?" it has sold 110,000 copies; or rather 110,000 copies have been sold of a song-book in which the four works just named were the most attractive pieces. It was in connection with this publication that the action was brought in which the question of the mean value of the modern comic song had to be decided. Infringement of copyright in respect to the four comic songs was admitted; and the jury had merely to assess the amount of injury done to the plaintiff, who was the proprietor of the compositions which had been made the subject of legal process. The damage was estimated by the defendant himself at £10, which sum was accordingly paid into court; and it was argued on defendant's behalf that he had conferred a favour, and had, indeed, done a great deal of good to the plaintiff by making known the words of his songs, apart from the music. The purchaser of the words would, it was said, after reading them wish to sing them; and this he could not do until he had ascertained by consulting the music, to what tune they ought to be sung. The jury, however, thought that the plaintiff had suffered loss through the defendant's unceremonious conduct of borrowing without permission the words of his comic songs, and thought the total amount might be put down at £25, or £15 more than had actually been paid into court. The copyright of comic songs must, in fact, as a matter of justice, be protected; though there would certainly be cause for rejoicing if most of the songs themselves could be destroyed.

## JOTTINGS.

THE other day a man went to a certain well-known bookmaker in a northern town, offering to back a certain horse. "But the horse is scratched," said the bookmaker. "Scratched, man!" replied our friend. "What odds of that? He'll run ne warse for hevin a scratch or two."

A FLASH of lightning was seen to strike a flock of wild geese at St. Louis the other day, and one of them fell to the ground. On being picked up the goose was found to have a scarred and burnt hole extending from the back down through the body, there being no question but that the electric bolt passed through the flying bird. The feathers were somewhat singed.

NO one, says a contemporary, has yet been able to discover what added zest is imparted to an agreeable tenor song on account of the singers' hands and face being smeared over with a compound of lamp-black and other sooty ingredients. At the first blush, or rather at the first smear, there is something eminently mirth-producing in a full-grown black-faced male biped, dressed in evening costume, requesting a mixed audience to put him in his little bed.

A NATIVE of canny Walker visited the Hull Theatre to see the "Hunchback of Notre Dame" played. On the following morning, a friend asked him how he liked the play. "Wey," says he, "aa liked it varry weel, but aa didn't think much of that yen that teuk Sarsparilla!" "Isn't it Esmeralda ye mean?" "Wey, mate, it was something like that, but it dissent magnify!"

MR. G. LAWSON, of Wobley Inn, near Crook, had a brood of ducks. All of them died but one, which Mr. Lawson allowed to run about the house. The cat at the same time had a litter of kittens. When the kittens had all been destroyed, the duck took their place. And now the old cat suckles the young duck. I saw them myself the other day, says Mr. G. Smith.

SOME few months ago, a well-known sporting gentleman in a town on Tyneside paid a visit to a newspaper office, and was much delighted at what he witnessed therein. He was in a jovial humour, and his entertainers had some difficulty in refusing successfully his repeated hearty invitations to go and "liquor up." Laughingly he was passing out, when he suddenly bethought himself of something forgotten, and returning, startled his entertainers by exclaiming in a slightly subdued voice:—"Aa nearly forgot, but ma wife deed this mornin, and ye might just put it in your paper!"

A NOVEL match of cricket was played in May, 1827, for a considerable sum, on Harefield Common, near Rickmansworth. The match was between two gentlemen of Middlesex and Mr. Francis Trumper, farmer, at Harefield, with the help of a thoroughbred sheep dog. In the first innings the two gentlemen got three runs, and Mr. Trumper three for himself and two for his dog. In the second innings the two gentlemen again got three runs and Mr. Trumper, then going in, and getting two runs, beat the two gentlemen, leaving two wickets standing. Before the game began, the odds were five to one against Mr. Trumper and his canine partner, but after the first innings bets were so altered that four to one were laid upon Trumper and his dog. The dog always stood near his master when he was going to bowl, and the moment the ball was hit he kept his eye upon it, and started off after it with speed, and on his master running up to the wicket the dog would carry the ball in his mouth, and put it into his master's hand with such wonderful quickness that the gentlemen found it very difficult to get a run even from a very long hit. The money lost and won on the occasion was considerable, as a great number of gentlemen came from Uxbridge and the neighbouring towns and villages to see so extraordinary a game.

THE American stage has a highly coloured story of an English melodramatic actor with the pseudonym of Bill —, who, in acting the part of a British officer in the early life of Washington, got so stupidly intoxicated that when Miss Cuff, who played the youthful hero, had to fight and kill him in a duel, Bill — would not die. He even said loudly on the stage that he would not. Miss Cuff fought on till she was ready to faint, and, after she had repeated his cue for dying, which was "cowardly hired assassin," for the fourteenth time, he absolutely jumped off the stage, not even pretending to be at the point of death. The indignant "supers" then chased him all over the house, and he escaped only by jumping into the coffin which was used in *Hamlet*, *Romeo*, and *Richard*,

THE Essex Staghounds will meet at Willingale at twelve o'clock on Tuesday, January 2.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—The inimitable comedian, Mr. John S. Clarke, is to reappear at the scene of his earlier triumphs "the little Strand" on Saturday, January 6, where he has accepted a lengthened engagement.

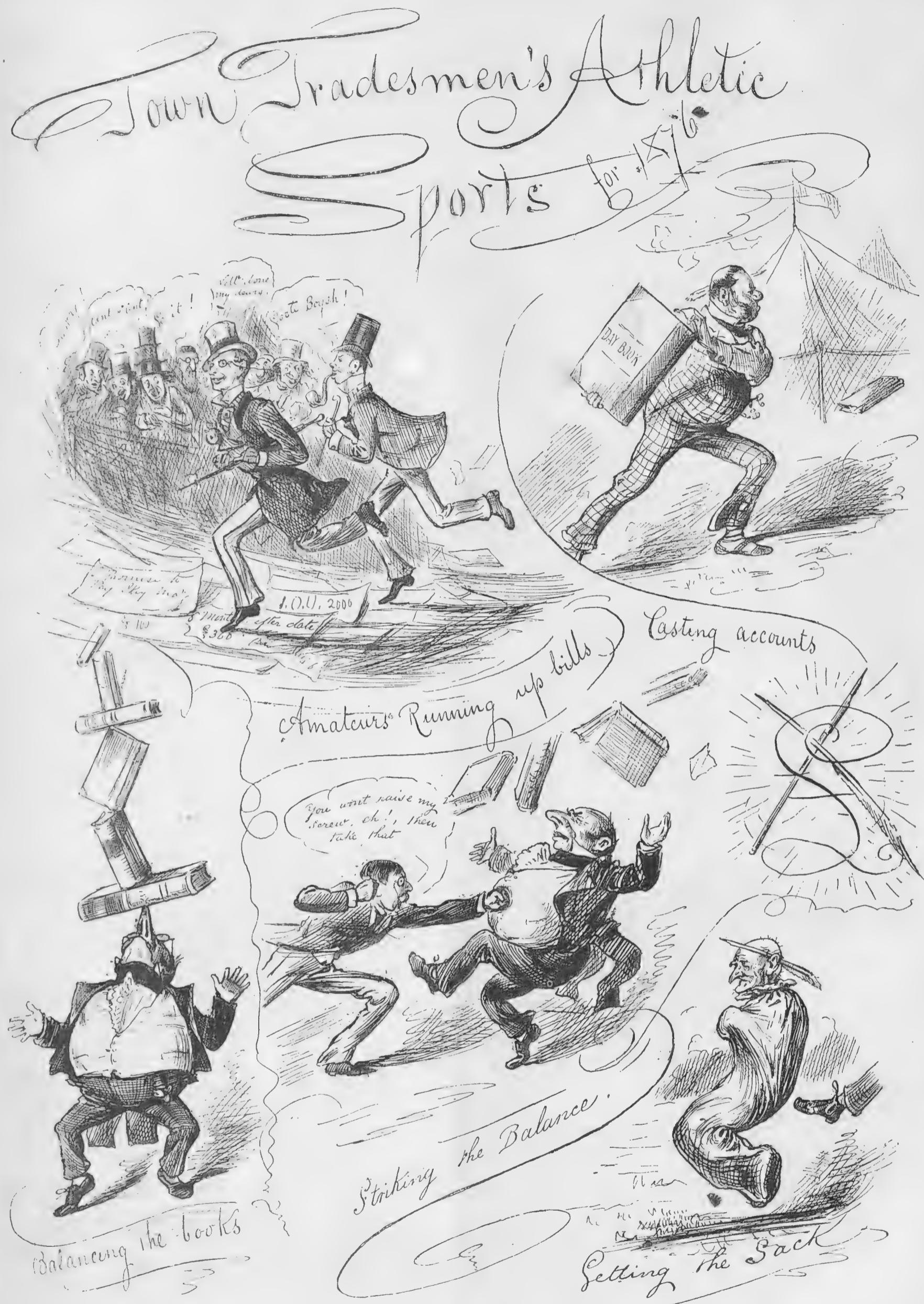
IN the case of Mr. Baum, the proprietor of Cremorne Gardens, the registration of a resolution fixing the composition at one shilling in the pound was objected to in the Court of Bankruptcy by some dissentient creditors, and the resolution was ordered by Mr. Registrar Brougham to be cancelled.

AN important literary discovery has lately been made in the library at Cassel, where Rudolf Genée, occupied with studies of English dramas antecedent to those of Shakespeare, has found an hitherto unknown edition of Marlowe's tragedy, *Edward II.*—in fact, an edition four years older than that of 1594, previously understood as his first one.

THE committee of the Izaak Walton memorial for Stafford, including the Earl of Shrewsbury, T. Salt, Esq., M.P., J. D. Mort, Esq., J. Shallcross, Esq. (the mayor) and the Rev. Denham Norman (rector of St. Mary's) have entrusted Mr. Richard Belt with the commission to execute the monument of Walton, the father of anglers, and who was also a benefactor of the town.

THE non-commissioned officers of the Woolwich Garrison produced a Christmas pantomime on Boxing Day, entitled *Fortune and His Seven Gifted Servants*, in the theatre of the Royal Artillery Recreation Rooms. Most of the parts were taken by the non-commissioned officers and their wives or daughters. Some good scenery was produced, and a ballet formed part of the performance.

A PROVINCIAL paper gives the following argument in favour of women learning to swim. A wealthy place like Torquay might have a floating bath for ladies, where, protected from intrusive gaze and instructed by a competent teacher, they would very soon be able to come forth and take the long shore bathing with as much freedom from fear as the other—we will not say more brutal sex—but a sex that is so far falling off from the ancient chivalry, that women are now too frequently left by their natural protectors to protect themselves. In fact no woman of a certain class in life is certain when she is "led to the altar," where she offers up in sacrifice her noblest rights, that she may not in the end be kicked to death by the man who takes her to the altar as her natural protector. This of course is only the risk of a certain, but, alas! a too numerous class: but from what we observe of the woman's right discussions there seems to be a general feeling that men of various stations are not so wholly disposed to "worship" and cherish the wife as in days of yore. The woman who can swim has an extra chance of her life even if she be not wedded to a brute.



## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

I FELT sure of it. The Old Year would not die comfortably without having sent for me and given me personally his parting counsel and benediction. They tried to dissuade him, but to no purpose. "Send for the Captious Critic," he kept on repeating, "I want to see him. I know perfectly well that I am dying and cannot possibly live beyond a certain date. And I also know that the moment I am dead you will all begin abusing me, who pretend to be so affectionate and respectful to my face. The Captious Critic doesn't pretend anything. If he hates and despises me he will tell me so straightly. If he feels any real regard or respect for me he will admit it with reluctance, and if he regrets my departure I shall know that his regret is not feigned. You will all crouch to my successor as soon as the breath is fairly out of my body. You will fawn upon and grossly flatter him as you grossly flattered and fawned upon me when I first appeared. I didn't know you then as I know you now, ye vain, self-deluding, hypocritical human bipeds. Out! and send to me the Captious Critic." They fled from his presence just as I entered the apartment. And how they scowled at me as I passed them, muttering, "Thinks him Swift and Hogarth rolled into one, does he. Well, please the pigs, '77 won't have so high an opinion of his mighty abilities. Whereat I merely smiled that languid smile which I am told is a characteristic of mine. As if I care a fig's end what '77 will think of me, one way or the other! The day's evil is sufficient to me. I never see beyond it. I confess, however, I looked forward with some degree of interest to my interview with '76. Would the old boy impart to me his last dying speech and confession, or had he only called me to insult me?"

His greeting was friendly. "Sit down, Cap," he said in a hoarse feeble voice ('tis the bronchitis that's killing him, you know), "Sit down and make yourself comfortable, if you can." I sat down, looked at him, and said at once in my plain, blunt fashion,

"We'll, '76. Upon my honour I never saw you look worse. Why in the name of Christmas, don't you wear a cheerier aspect?"

"I did not expect compliments from you," he replied; "but you might appreciate the sharpness of my irony, even though it is

the Opera-bouffe a British popularity. The libretti, as a rule, were only blindly applauded here, being, in essence, beyond the sympathies of the Anglo-Saxon mind. I see that one or two managers are still endeavouring to prop up the waning attractions of this species of entertainment. But rest assured that the Opera-bouffe has had its day, and that its resurrection cannot satisfactorily be effected. English operas of a comic nature, however, ought to flourish. The *Sultan of Mocha*, by Alfred Cellier, which was produced during my reign, was a proof of what excellent work English composers are capable of doing in this direction, if proper encouragement is given them.

"As to what you say," he went on, "about my strong endeavours to encourage the higher branches of dramatic art, I must

anxiety on their parts for a revival of the legitimate drama. Hence the miscalculations and subsequent disappointment of managers who imagined that any play of Shakespeare's, superbly dressed out and lavishly mounted, and decently acted, would certainly draw the public in crowds to the theatre. One good Shakespearean house seems to be as much as London desires to support; and even so the programme must be studiously varied with modern productions, which possess the attraction of novelty. The leading provincial towns seem to be much more loyal to dramatic tradition, more attached to the legitimate drama than does the metropolis."

"Yes," interrupted I; "witness the reception given to Irving at the ancient University of Dublin. Can you explain to me why so reverend and learned an institution should have conferred upon a player so great an honour?"

"It is easily explained," said '76. "They did it quite as much to their own glorification as to that of Irving. Indeed, rather more, I think. They are an ardent and enthusiastic body of youths, and undoubtedly have good reasons for priding themselves upon the reputation their city acquired in times past for superior taste in matters theatrical. What more natural than that they should strive to re-establish that reputation by a little bit of characteristic effusion. Doubtless there are more venerable and more worthy tragic brows than those of Mr. Irving whereupon they might have placed their crown of glory. But he is the reigning hero, and they naturally wish to impress him with the importance of their approval. And doubtless the

actor will study to deserve it. Now, Cap, I must say good-bye. I have left much unsaid that I wished to say, but bad a year as



not pointed with icicles. The fact is, Cap., I am sheer disgusted with this world of yours, and all its sham sentiment and mock charity. So I was determined not to look one thing when I felt another. I know it is thought the proper thing for a year at this season—albeit in his death-struggle—to assume an air of jollity, to beam out in smiles all over, and behave himself generally as if the universe were indeed a well-ordered institution, and man beloved by his fellow-man. But I can't do it. Whatever be the beauties of the Eastern myth in the name of which all this hollow parade of mutual love and friendliness is carried on, they cannot hide the ghastly irony of the whole affair. To celebrate this holy festival, man, usually brutal enough, becomes more brutal, debased women debase themselves still further, and in honour of their Creator, forsooth, they strive their utmost to efface what little resemblance they possess to Him in whose image they suppose themselves formed. Hark how, over the noise of the world's revelry arises the moan of the world's utter wretchedness, and ask yourself—Would I be justified in putting a festive countenance on the occasion?"

"Then I suppose you will not go with me to the pantomime," said I. He shudderingly answered, "No; I'm too old for that sort of thing. Take young '77 with you after I am dead and gone. What I want to talk to you of is my past career. What is your opinion of me as a theatrical year?"

"Pretty so-so," I replied. "Less opera-bouffe than usual, and a strong endeavour to encourage the higher branches of dramatic art; those were your distinguishing characteristics, if I remember rightly."

"If you remember rightly!—Have you not recorded my progress from week to week with dutiful regularity? But, I suppose, like other critics, you do your work in a listless perfunctory manner, glad to forget it the instant it is done. And I know you would see me far enough before you'd take the trouble to consult the records. However, *n'importe*, as we say in France, and I have no doubt you have a general notion of my chief events. As for the Opera-bouffe, I did not much encourage it from the beginning. Lively music will meet with appreciation in all countries. This was the sole quality which obtained for

## Sainte Irish Bull presented to

Mr. Henry Irving by the

Professors and Students of

Trinity College—Dublin

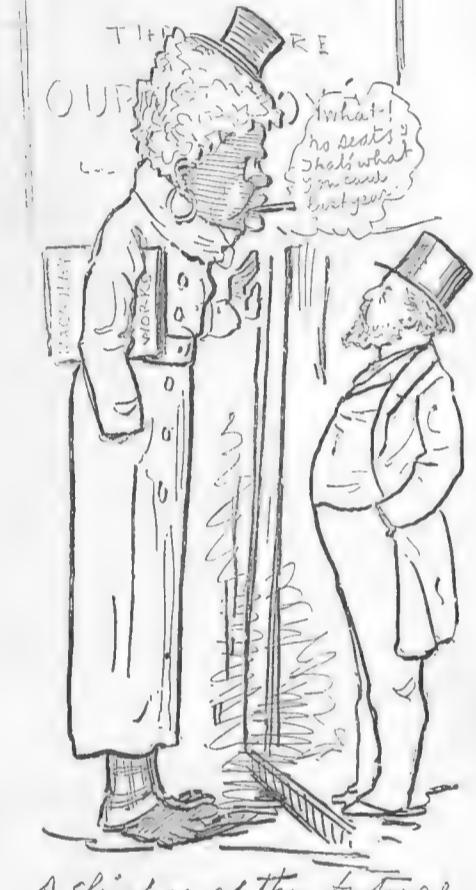
confess that it seems to me my efforts have defeated themselves. It is seldom that Shakespeare has had such a good innings. He has been played, not only in English and the various dialects which must perforce be classed under this heading, but he has been largely played in Italian. With regard to the success of this latter experiment, nothing cheering is to be said. The impression originally made by Salvini's Othello was a genuine effect of roused enthusiasm. And the great Italian tragedian became the lion of the season. Taste is fickle, however, in London, and it was not a wise step to assume that because one Italian illustrator of Shakespeare had a good time of it during one season, that a second was subsequently bound to achieve equal triumphs. There can be no doubt that the educated portion of the English have due and ample reverence for the works of their own and



the world's greatest dramatist. But it is from reading his works they acquire their reverence, not from seeing them acted. When one of the Shakespearean plays achieves a great stage success and a long run in London, it will always be found owing to the personal popularity of some one performer who has had the good fortune to create a furore, and acquire a large following of worshippers. A popular actor is in this way much like a popular preacher, and a very great many of those who flock to see and hear him come away saying, "How excellent," from their hearts, when they understand not with their heads. The truth is, that whatever may be the difference of opinion as to Mr. Henry Irving's rank in the histrionic profession, it was the same he had gained in less classical plays that brought the multitude to see him play Shakespeare, rather than any great



## VAUDEVILLE.



A glimpse of the future

I have been, I hope you may not meet with a worse. Bless you, bless you. I am dying."

Dies he at last? Well, I may say good-bye  
Year, as we part for good. I surely now  
Am neither grieved nor glad to see you die—  
Or am I both? Heaven knows, if I should sigh  
Saying *Alas the year is dead!* I vow  
I could not marvel that I felt full sad,  
Nor laughing wonder that I should be glad.

THE English team of cricketers at the Antipodes succeeded in beating an eleven of Goulburn on the 22nd of this month.

In the action brought by Mr. Coe, late stage-manager of the Haymarket Theatre, against the lessees, in which he obtained £1,035 damages for wrongful dismissal, the Lord Chief Baron and Mr. Justice Mellor have granted a *rumpus nisi* for a new trial.

At the Slough (Bucks) Petty Sessions last week Mr. George Barry, well-known as horse trainer to Sir R. B. Harvey, Bart., M.P., was summoned for using threatening language towards Mr. Edward Maltby Jearrad, a gentleman farmer at Stoke Poges. Mr. Jearrad said that on the 14th inst. he was hunting with the Old Berkeley Foxhounds, at Iver, when defendant, who was in front of him, rode his horse into a hedge to prevent witness passing. Witness asked him what he meant by such conduct, and he replied by threatening to cut his heart out, and knock him out of the saddle. He then rode at witness, but did not use his whip. Witness told him that he did not dare to cut him out of the saddle, and passed on, defendant following and continuing the abuse. If other horsemen had not been present, he believed the defendant would have assaulted him, but he was not now afraid that he would do so, although he had threatened him twice before. Defendant said he was riding a very valuable steeplechase mare, and on coming from a field into the high road rode on to the turf by the hedge. Mr. Jearrad tried to pass him on the inside, and as this was against the rules of hunting he prevented him from doing so. Complainant then passed him on the other side, and accused him of trying to rob him in respect of a transaction for straw, and then he (defendant) did perhaps say more than he should have done. He, however, did not use the threats mentioned, nor had he threatened or molested Mr. Jearrad previously. An apology had been tendered, and as complainant had admitted that he was not now in fear that the defendant would do him some bodily injury the magistrates advised a settlement out of court. The parties then consulted, and complainant subsequently accepted the apology, and withdrew the summons, defendant paying the costs.

## NEW BOOKS.

THE NEW QUARTERLY MAGAZINE. No. 14, January. Price 2s. 6d.

PESSIMISM, AND ONE OF ITS PROFESSORS. By Frances Power Cobbe.  
THE REFORMATION OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. By F. Hauefer.  
THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH. A Complete Story. By George Meredith.  
REVOLUTIONS AND RUSSIAN CONQUESTS IN CENTRAL ASIA. By J. H. Tremeherc.  
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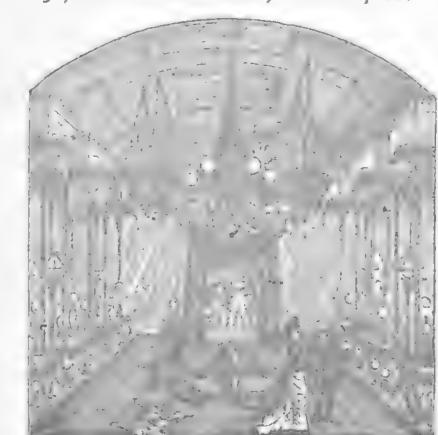
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The following Stakes close and name to Mr. Craggs, Stockton-on-Tees, &c., on the first Tuesday in January (2nd) 1877.

## NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE RACES, (SUMMER MEETING, 1877-78).

These Races in 1877 will take place on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 26th, 27th, and 28th.

The large sum of 500 sovs will be added to the Northumberland Plate for 1877.

Mr. Thomas Craggs, of Stockton-on-Tees, Secretary, Clerk of the Course, and Stakeholder.

Mr. W. J. Ford, of Nottingham, Judge, Clerk of the Scales, and Handicapper.

Major Dixon, of London, Starter.

The Newmarket Rules are strictly in force at this Meeting.

## 1877—SECOND DAY.

The TYRO STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 150 sovs added, for two-years-old, colts 8s 10lb, fillies and geldings, 8s 6lb; winners of 100 sovs previous to starting to carry 6lb, twice, of 100 sovs or once of 200 sovs, 8lb, or once of 300 sovs, 10lb extra (extreme penalty); maidens at time of starting allowed 5lb. The second to receive 25 sovs out of the stakes. New T.Y.C.

## Yearlings of 1876.

## 1878—FIRST DAY.

The NORTH DERBY of 10 sovs each, half forfeit, with 150 sovs added, for three-years-old, colts 8s 10lb, fillies and geldings, 8s 6lb; the winner of any three-year-old sweepstakes of 1,000 sovs to carry 14lb, the winner of any race (including handicaps) of 600 sovs in 1878 to carry 10lb, the winner of the Queen's Vase at Ascot, or of any race (including handicaps) of 300 sovs in 1878 to carry 7lb, the winner of any race (including handicaps) of 100 sovs in 1878, to carry 4lb extra; weights not accumulative; maidens at the time of starting allowed 7lb. The second horse to receive 25 sovs out of the stakes. 20 subscribers or no race. One mile and a half.

## Yearlings of 1876.

## 1878—THIRD DAY.

The SEATON DELAVAL STAKES of 10 sovs each, half forfeit, with 200 sovs added, for two-years-old, colts 8s 10lb, fillies and geldings, 8s 6lb, winners of 100 sovs previous to starting to carry 6lb, twice, 100, or once of 200 sovs, 8lb, or once of 300 sovs, 10lb extra (extreme penalty); maidens at starting allowed 5lb; those got by untried stallions or out of untried mares allowed 3lb (only one untried allowance if claimed) at the time of naming. The owner of the second horse to receive 30 sovs out of the stakes. New T.Y.C.

In addition to the above sum given to the Owner of the Winner of this Race, a Bonus of 100 sovs will be given to the Breeder of the Winner, from the Race Fund.

## Foals of 1876.

\* \* \* Please claim the untried allowance if entitled.

The following Stake closes and names to Mr. Craggs, Stockton-on-Tees, &c., on the first Tuesday in January (2nd), 1877.

## STOCKTON MEETING, 1877.

These Races will take place on the TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, preceding York August Meeting (August 14th, 15th, and 16th.)

Mr. Thomas Craggs, of Stockton-on-Tees, Clerk of the Course and Stakeholder.

Mr. Richard Johnson, of York, Judge, Clerk of the Scales, and Handicapper.

Major Dixon, of London, Starter.

The Newmarket Rules are strictly in force at this Meeting.

## 1877—FIRST DAY.

The CLEVELAND STAKES of 5 sovs each, p.p., with 100 sovs net added, for two-year-olds, colts 8s 10lb, fillies and geldings, 8s 7lb; winners of 100 sovs previous to starting to carry 6lb, twice, of 100 or once of 200 sovs, 8lb, or once of 300 sovs, 10lb extra (extreme penalty); maidens at the time of starting allowed 5lb. The second to receive 20 sovs out of the stakes. T.Y.C., from the Red Post.

## Yearlings of 1876.

## 1878—SECOND DAY.

The CLAREMONT STAKES of 10 sovs each, 3 ft to the Race Fund, with 100 sovs added for two-year-old colts, 8s 10lb, and fillies 8s 7lb. Half a mile.

## SECOND DAY.

The KING HAL STAKES of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 100 sovs added, for two-year-old colts 8s 10lb, and fillies 8s 7lb. Five furlongs.

Entrance, 2 sovs to the fund, which will be the only liability if forfeit be declared by the first Tuesday in May.

Entrance, 2 sovs to the fund, the only liability if forfeit be declared by Tuesday, May 1.

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Entrance, 2

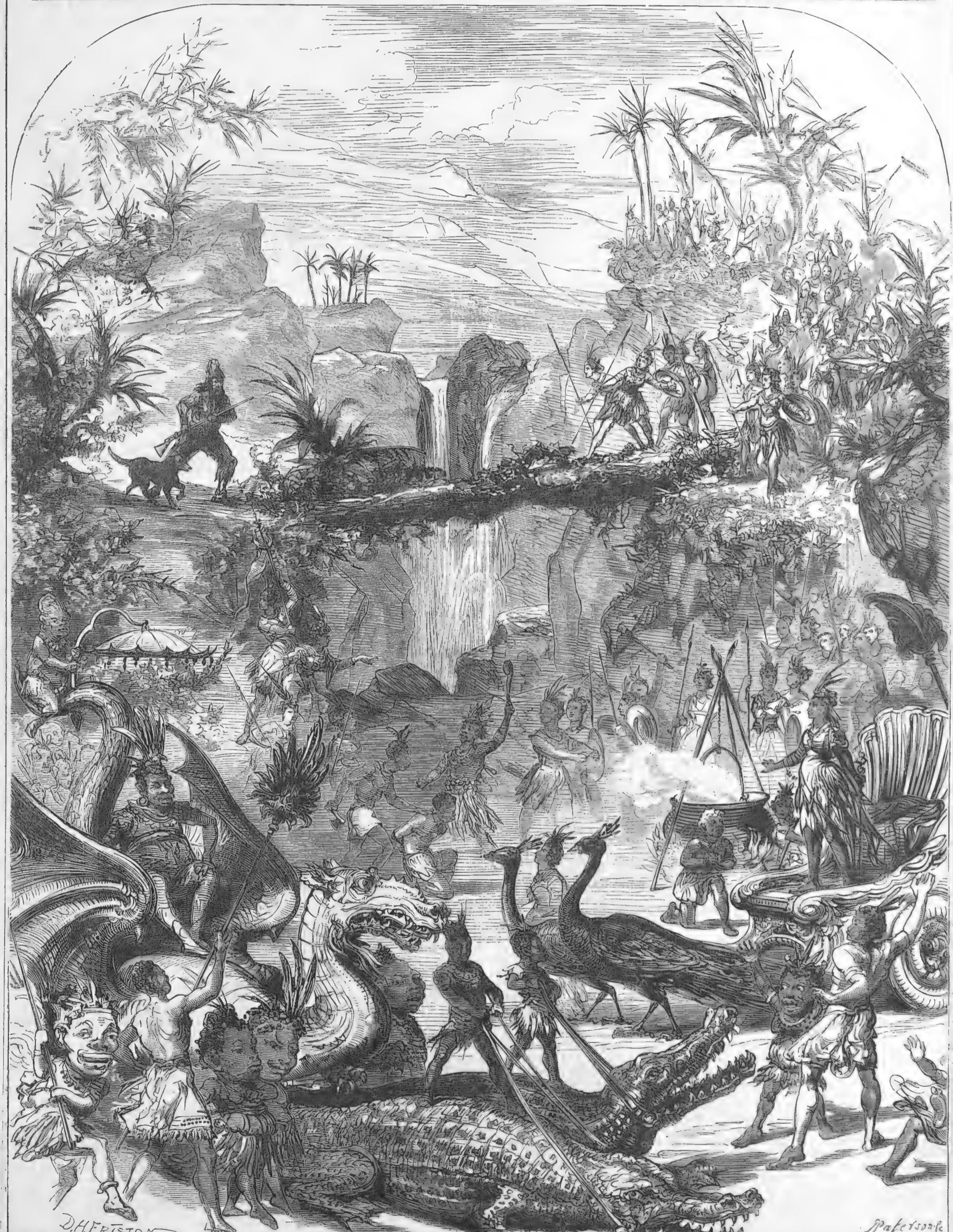
The Boxing-Day Supplementary

NUMBER OF THE

ILLUSTRATED

COVENT GARDEN  
CONTRADANTIC:  
SCUS

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1876.



D. H. FRISTON

Paterson

SCENE FROM "ROBINSON CRUSOE" AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

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All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 148, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the publisher, at 148, Strand.

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Have been carefully studied; their new Manufactory in Ogle-street having been fitted up with the most improved Machinery and all other appliances to ENSURE SUPERIORITY and ECONOMISE COST.

Prices marked in plain figures for Ready Money.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* \* We have hitherto answered the larger number of letters containing queries, by post, but these are now becoming so numerous that for the future we shall reply only through the medium of this column.

## SPORTING.

WILLIAM ANDREW.—The *Jockey's Intelligencer* was the first sporting newspaper issued in this country, and it was published in 1683.

## DRAMATIC.

EMMA.—*The Enchanted Isle* was the first burlesque written by Robert and William Brough.

R. C.—Yes. Shakespeare applied for the post of Master of the Revels in 1604, and five years after he was described as an actor who had retired from the stage.

F. MARSHAL.—Drury-lane Theatre was burned down in 1672, together with fifty or sixty of the surrounding houses.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

J. V. CAM.—Mr. G. A. Sala was the nominal editor of "Temple Bar" in 1860; but the actual "working" editor was, we believe, Mr. Edmund Yates.

C. D. G.—"The Horse and its Rider" was the name of a work by Sir F. B. Head, Bart., published in 1860, by Murray.

W. E. T.—Mr. Augustus Egg, R.A., was born in London, and was the son of the celebrated gun-maker you name.

P. D.—There was a separate pew in Newgate for those who were condemned to death, and a coffin was placed in their midst on the Sunday preceding the day of their execution.

THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1876.

AMID the storm of excitement aroused by warlike rumours from Eastern Europe, the ministerial crisis in France, and the tumult of the disputed Presidential election in America, the mighty Thunderer of Printing-house-square has found time to apply his ear to the still small voice proceeding from the aggrieved "Kingsbury resident," and once more the wordy war rages high and furious between opponents and partisans of suburban meetings. We had always imagined that the letters containing complaints on the part of the ill-used parishioner against his sporting churchwarden, were carefully pigeon-

holed and laid by for the gigantic gooseberry season during London's summer vacation, and it is a somewhat significant circumstance that publicity should be given to them at a period of apparently considerable pressure upon the columns of the *Times*. Like a suppliant of ancient times, the "Kingsbury resident" prostrated himself before the altar of imperial Jove, and besought the wielder of the lightning to launch one of his thunderbolts against the head of his enemies, and to confound the machinations of those who plotted against his peace. The king of the gods inclined his head in answer to the prayer, and all Olympus trembled at his nod. The Vulcan whose special department it seems to be to forge bolts against all perpetrators of human wrongs, straightway took up his pen, and dashed off an article which at first fairly startled into silence the *diu minores* of the sporting press, and absolutely took away the breath of individuals used to the expression of calmer judgment and more dignified criticism which permeate the fulminations of the leading journal. Fleet-street and Boy-court were alike astonished and dismayed, and a momentary terror seized the stout hearts of energetic clerks of courses, from Kingsbury to Streatham, from Croydon to Bromley. For a while a panic prevailed along the whole line of suburban defences, and metropolitan caterers trembled in their shoes for fear of instant annihilation. But arms were speedily burnished, and forces rallied for a repulse of those weak inventions of the enemy, and champions issued forth in the complete steel of virtuous indignation to scatter the damning array of accusations laid to their charge by the author of the anonymous invocation to the editor of the *Times*. Sporting correspondents awoke to the gravity of the situation, and kept up a sputtering fire against the lines behind which the "Kingsbury resident" had entrenched himself. The apologists of suburban race meetings rather belied their vaunted disdain for an unknown foe, by taking up their pens vigorously to repel his base insinuations; and showed, by their method of treating the subject, that they were troubled with apprehensions they could not quite conceal. They rather damaged their cause by going out of the way to repudiate and rebut, and returned again and again to the charge, after repeated assertions that the whole thing was beneath contempt, and unworthy of serious consideration. Mr. Verrall was the last to appear upon the scene, and as handicapper-in-chief, warmly contested the "resident's" assertions, and this in terms hardly calculated to cause surprise that his letter had been excluded from the columns in which the "resident's" plaints first appeared. We do not purpose in this place to discuss the letter of the ingenious framer of weights; but now that all the most important personages of the piece have strutted their little hour upon the stage, and have, we hope, succeeded in blowing off their superfluous steam, it may not be out of place to calmly survey the battle-field, and to note the false position taken up by more than one of the combatants. The conflict has been waged before, and always with the same unsatisfactory issue, and we are free to confess that at present we see no prospect of the question being settled one way or the other, without calling in the assistance of the *deus ex machina* of legislative interference. Both sides will doubtless scream themselves hoarse again and again, and to no purpose whatever, save with the effect of creating feelings of disgust and weariness at the turn taken by affairs.

To begin with the "Kingsbury resident" himself—who, in the eyes of his opponents, is somewhat of the "Mrs. 'Arris" type of anonymous assailants—however good his cause may originally have been, there can be no doubt that his version of the affair is far too highly coloured, and his case grossly overstated. Like a red-hot philanthropist of the Tom Hughes school, he has laid on his pigments too thickly, and while trying to paint a "monster of hideous mien" has so exaggerated his subject, that the disgust and hatred he would create have partially recoiled on himself. He has mistaken cause for effect, and laid himself open to attacks from foes whose fire might have been silenced by a calm, dispassionate, and truthful statement of what he had himself seen and heard. We are no friends to, nor do we desire to become apologists of, these suburban gatherings; but let truth be told, and justice done, and let the devil have his due. Too much stress is laid upon the drinking-booth nuisance, and the connection of intemperance with racing is hardly a fair inference, and opposed to certain facts within the knowledge of anyone who will take the trouble to make inquiries into criminal statistics. The intrusion of the "rough element" into country districts is a more tangible grievance, and of this we shall have to speak hereafter, but we are inclined to pay little heed to magisterial traditions of idle 'prentices frisking their masters' tills for the sake of putting their dollars on some instrument of gambling. The "Kingsbury resident" discusses these topics, as it appears to us, not only intemperately, but from a wrong standpoint, for he professes to argue in the interests of morality, whereas we would fain regard matters so far as they bear upon the interests of sport. No doubt, the complainant has, as far as it goes, a genuine grievance; but it may be doubted whether his method of attack is calculated to abate it; and, if not, then there results only a periodical stirring-up of bad feeling and irritation, which it is not worth while to excite for the sake of a few days of notoriety as a contributor to the columns of the *Times*.

The *Times* may have acted in perfect fairness and good faith by publishing the "resident's" letter, but the sweeping assertions which it contained should surely not have been accepted without reservation, and it was in a moment of weakness that a leader was penned worthier to adorn the atrocity columns of the *Daily News* than to startle from their propriety sober students of the leading journal. As to the tone adopted by the generality of organs of sporting opinion, it was only natural that they should take advantage of the weak places in their opponent's armour to deliver a shower of missiles at the "Resident" and the *Ægis* to which he appealed for protection, but which proved sadly unequal to the occasion. Still we cannot help thinking, that, in their zeal for the credit of their favourite sport, many racing instructors of the public rather overshot the mark aimed at by their strictures, and while denouncing the exaggerations and wild statements of the letter and its commentary, themselves in-

curred identical charges in their fulsome laudation of Kingsbury and its surroundings, and fierce partisanship in the cause of suburban race-meetings in general. While professing to ridicule the attempt to undermine the Saturalia at the Welsh Harp, they returned again and again to the charge, and thereby unadvisedly kept before the public a scandal, which it had been far better to have let alone, and consigned to forgetfulness as soon as possible. The only effect of their bellowing has been again to arouse the lion's roar, and over-persecution has invariably the effect of turning public nuisances into martyrs, as in the present case. As before remarked, it was but natural for journals exclusively devoted to sport to set up their backs against any encroachment which might interfere with their especial province, and it should be remembered that in the depths of the silly season, even a chronicling of the small beer of suburban meetings comes as a godsend to those who are so frequently called upon to perform the ungracious task of making bricks without straw. It would be suicidal policy for those who subsist on the favour of lessees and managers of race meetings to befoul their own nests, and to shrink from supporting through thick and thin a system which brings grist to the mill. And yet it strikes us that both sides, in their eagerness to bolster up their cause, have missed the real point at issue, and have expended many words full of sound and fury, which count for nothing in determining the real issue of the case. This lies deeper than the more superficial questions so fiercely and acrimoniously debated, and the shadow has been mistaken for the substance, in the heat of argument. The question whether Kingsbury races are or are not a nuisance to the neighbourhood is doubtless an important one as affecting a certain section of society; but there are other questions of far wider and more general interest underlying it, which have only been casually mentioned during recent altercations. Prominent among these we may place the query, how far the end or object of race meetings is answered by the encouragement of the class of animals who are invited to compete for prizes on the Metropolitan circuit? Do the contests for which they enter the lists serve to promote in any degree the welfare of the turf, or to exalt the phase of sport to which they are attached? Is our breed of horses likely to be improved by offering prizes for animals in most cases painfully below even the standard of mediocrity, and in many instances, as has been truly put, "pariahs and outcasts of racing society," which have found their lots cast among owners often of similar calibre, whose opportunities are improved in the obscurity of minor meetings, where their evil deeds are less likely to be brought to light? Is the vaunted national taste for sport refined and improved by such paltry exhibitions, and above all, is it desirable that these meetings should be permitted in localities within hail of the haunts of criminals and at the very doors of the lowest scum of London's population? Thus we arrive at the secondary question, which has been debated so rancorously between the "resident" and the sporting press.

Our frequently expressed objections to "suburban specs," as a class lie entirely in the direction of the good repute of racing, which cannot be furthered by means of encouraging its lowest representatives, both human and equine. Mr. Warner and his brother caterers for the million cannot in the abstract be blamed for cultivating a paying game, and only act according to their lights in reaping benefits from their ventures. The meetings are carried on under prescribed rules, and with all the order which it is in the power of their manager to enforce, and Mr. Verrall may console himself with the reflection that his system of handicapping has called forth no indignant remonstrances such as have found utterance in higher places. We object not to men as individuals, but to measures; not to *entrepreneurs*, but to the system which they carry out; though we are forced to admit that the evil is greatly exaggerated by the incidental surroundings of these minor centres of sport, and that they are the more objectionable on account of the evils they bring in their train. The presence of a few rollicking aristocrats at Kingsbury or Bromley cannot surely be supposed to raise the tone of these gatherings, any more than the patronage of the Corinthian order could improve the *status* of the Prize Ring. It must be a morbid taste for sport which can induce an interest in such "one horse" events as are set down for decision at Streatham or Enfield, and it can only be compared to the promptings of dipsomania, to those possessed by it to drink ink in default of any more palatable liquor at hand. But the question should at any rate be discussed calmly and temperately, and with an absence of that desperate partisanship which has characterised proceedings during the last few weeks. Let the case be stated fairly on both sides, and the remedy may be found to lie ready at hand; but should mutual concessions fail to be forthcoming, it is not difficult to foretell the result, which will surely not be acceptable to promoters of suburban races, whose sole chance of a prolonged existence in their present capacity, lies in courting the policy of toleration which has hitherto been their salvation.

LINCOLN SPRING MEETING, 1877.—Several stakes name on Tuesday next (January 2nd). For particulars see advertisement.

STOCKTON MEETING, 1877.—The Cleveland Stakes close and name on Tuesday, January 2nd. Particulars will be found in an advertisement.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE RACES SUMMER MEETING, 1877—1878.—Several stakes close and name on Tuesday next. Our advertisement columns will furnish particulars.

BIRMINGHAM STEEPLECHASES.—The entries for the Erdington Plate, the Grand Annual Handicap, the Maiden Hurdle Plate, the Craven Cup, the Paget Handicap Plate, and the Elmden Hurdle Handicap close on Tuesday next, to Mr. John Sheldon, Temple Chambers, 50, New-street, Birmingham. See advertisement.

A PANORAMA representing the principal cities and the most remarkable objects in the United States has been opened at the Egyptian Hall, by Mr. Washington Friend. The journey illustrated comprises visits to the Rocky Mountains and Salt Lake City, and the wonders of the far West generally. Interspersed with the lecture are humorous and pathetic songs by Miss Edith Elmer and the lecturer, who was his own artist.

Mr. Whalley, M.P., is of opinion that the movement for the release of the Claimant is getting Onslow-ly.—Yorick.

## THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

PANTOMIMES hold sway this Christmas at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Adelphi (in the afternoons only), Princess's (a ballet pantomime), at the Aquarium, at Sanger's (Astley's), the Surrey, Grecian, National Standard, Marylebone, Park, Britannia, Elephant and Castle, Pavilion, and Crystal Palace. New burlesques are provided at the Gaiety and Strand. A new fairy piece has been produced at German Reed's entertainment, and Planché's *Invisible Prince* is revived at the Globe, with Miss Jennie Lee in the principal character.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The famous Oriental story of "The Forty Thieves" is at once the subject and title of the new grand comic Christmas annual at Drury Lane Theatre, and is furnished as usual by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, who for the last twenty-seven years has successively supplied to the same establishment these elaborate dramatic illustrations of the fairy legends of the world. It is somewhat curious that the most familiar of all the Arabian narratives is now presented for the first time on these boards, and it will add to the interest attached to the representation to know that special care has been exercised in the faithful reproduction of Eastern manners and customs. The story here commences in the Market Place at Bagdad, on the banks of the Tigris, where the contrast of social position between the two brothers is shown, and the depredations of the notorious forty thieves are practically illustrated. The scene changes to the Divan of the Genii on Meerschaum Rocks, in Amber Island, where Eureka, the principal peri, summons Morgiana from Dreamland to be endowed with attributes, giving her the power of foiling the schemes of the unprincipled gang, the various positions of the characters are exhibited in the scenes of the Date Tree Grove, the Enchanted Cavern in the Depths of the Forest, Ali Baba's House and Street in Bagdad, the Courtyard by Moonlight, where the oil jars are bestowed, the Grand Reception Room in Ali Baba's House, and a startling revelation being made from the Well of Truth, the usual awards of rewards and punishment takes place in the Peri's Paradise, where the gates are significantly found ajar. Mr. Frederick Vokes is Ali Baba, Miss Rosina Vokes is his son Ganem, Mr. F. W. Irish is the rich brother, Cassim Baba, Miss Harriet Coveney the proud wife, Cogia Baba, Miss Victoria Vokes the slave Morgiana, Miss Jessie Vokes Abdallah, the captain of "The Forty," and Mr. Walter Vokes the crafty Lieutenant Hassarac. That accomplished artist Mr. William Beverly has illustrated the story with entirely new scenic effects; Karl Meyer has arranged and composed the music, the costumes are designed by Mr. Alfred Maltby, and the ingenious Mr. John Cormack has arranged the pantomimical action and ballets. Miss Clara Jecks is the principal peri, Eureka; Mdlle. Bossi of the Italian Opera, Covent Garden, is the première danseuse, and the harlequinade is supported by a double company of pantomimists. Mr. Chatterton has been unsparing of expenditure in every department. Morning performances of "The Forty Thieves" will be given every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday during the month of January.

ADELPHI.—The Christmas novelty at this theatre is a pantomime to be played during the morning only, designed for children and to be acted entirely by children. The pantomime, written by an Old Boy and pictorially illustrated by Mr. Lloyds, is entitled *Little Goody Two Shoes; or, Harlequin Little Boy Blue*, and introduces the clever children Master and Miss Gratton, "Queen Mab," and a host of tiny performers, who supplement the opening with a miniature harlequinade. Mr. Ellis has arranged and composed the music, and the entire freshness of this remarkable juvenile entertainment will no doubt attract considerable attention, and the early hour at which it takes place will especially recommend it to the consideration of families residing at a distance.

PRINCESS'S.—Mr. W. G. Wills's highly successful poetical play of *Jane Shore* will be repeated during the holidays with Miss Heath, who is re-engaged, and the cast strengthened by the addition to the company of Mr. Emery, Mr. Henry Sinclair, and Mr. Howard Russell. The play is followed by a ballet pantomime, entitled *Jocko; or, The Brazilian Ape*, in which the celebrated Martinetti troupe appear. New scenery has been furnished for this production by Mr. F. Lloyds.

AQUARIUM THEATRE.—At this favourite house, which is fast rising into importance as an "Afternoon" Theatre, a Christmas pantomime has been produced on a grand scale, under the title of *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star; or, Harlequin Goody Goose and her Good Little Geese*. The pantomime written by Frank Hall, Esq. The costly and gorgeous transformation scene, entitled "Alice in Wonderland; or, the End of the Rainbow," designed by Mr. Henry Emden. The entirely new scenery by Mr. Perkins and assistants. The whole produced under the direction of Mr. J. A. Cave. The representations will take place in the afternoon only.

SANGER'S NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.—The Christmas annual here is entitled *Gulliver upon His Travels; or Harlequin Robinson Crusoe, His Man Friday, and the Wonderful Spirit of Romance*. It is from the pen of Mr. W. M. Akhurst, and, as the title implies, is compounded of the principal incidents in the career of two famous heroes of fiction. In the first scene Romance, discovered at a conference in the Lake of Limpid Crystal, secures the co-operation of her subjects and allies in promoting the interests of her two protégés, Gulliver and Crusoe, who are exhibited as children and then relegated to earth, there to enter upon the romantic adventures destined for them by their guardian genius. Twenty years elapse, and the two heroes, who in the interval have been schoolfellows, are discovered, Gulliver carrying on anything but a lucrative business as a chemist, and his friend, who is a lodger in the same house, seeking his livelihood as a lawyer's clerk. Their impecuniousness is such that they are easily persuaded by a mutual friend in the penny navy, Captain Blowhard, to accompany him to sea, and despite the remonstrances of some relatives, who endeavour in a heartbroken chorus and dance, to dissuade them, they ship themselves in the Penny Whistle, outward bound for Callao. The Master of the Winds raises a storm, and the Penny Whistle is wrecked. We are now introduced to the city of Lilliput, where, after the storm has ceased Gulliver is landed in a net by some fishermen. The adventures of Swift's hero in the Lilliputian kingdom are then concisely detailed, with some novel grotesque situations calculated to heighten the ludicrous effects of the original to a theatrical audience. Having learned, from the final situation in the scene, that Gulliver escapes from the dominions of King Tinytim, the spectator is now invited to a view of Margate by night, where the abandoned relatives and friends of the two missing messmates of the Penny Whistle meet, and here they encounter Winki Fum, who offers to sail, with others, as pilot to the Caribees, and they all prepare to start for distant islands. But this arrangement not suiting the purpose of Romance, she delays their departure, but employs the interval in amusing them with a grand spectacle, which takes place in the palace of the Queen of Nations. In this scene, which for effect is unparalleled even in the annals of this amphitheatre, the whole of the immense stud of horses, with elephants, camels, and other interesting ani-

mals, will be exhibited, while the procession of the nations to do homage to the Queen of all Hearts will be composed of a perfect army of coryphées and trained children. The story proper is then resumed with the adventures of Crusoe, who, like his fellow-travellers, has been saved, at the instance of Romance, and has located himself in the celebrated uninhabited island. Here the incidents of his first meeting with Friday, and those connected with their subsequent mutual attachment are enacted, and here we also again encounter Captain Blowhard's search party, who have been taken prisoners by the treacherous Winki Fum, and have been doomed by him to be converted into meats for a cannibal picnic. In the tropical scene will be produced the celebrated *Vals des Animaux*, in which the best known of the domestic animals will assist. In short, a mirth-provoking chapter in the Child's Natural History will be here realised. Crusoe and his servant friend are placed in imminent danger by the sudden onslaught of the cannibal army of Winki Fum, but after a series of laughable situations they are placed beyond peril by the unexpected turning up of Gulliver and the discomfiture of the Caribs. Winki Fum's prisoners are rescued, and all are on the point of returning to England, when Romance, to show how far truth is stranger than fiction, transports the party to the Winter Quarters of Sir George Nare's Arctic Expedition, where we find the explorers keeping Christmas on the ice of the "Palaeocystic Sea." The two sets of heroes fraternise, and roast beef of the musk ox and real English plum pudding are partaken of in common, and festival toasts pertinent to the occasion are duly honored. This, which is one of the leading scenic effects in the piece, being sensationaly concluded, is succeeded by the transformation, and that in its turn by a diverting harlequinade.

SURREY.—Mr. W. Holland's fourth Christmas pantomime, written expressly for this theatre by Mr. F. W. Green, the author of the successful pantomimes of the three previous winters, is entitled *Jack and Jill, or Harlequin Sing a Song of Sixpence, the Demon Blackbirds, and the Good Fairies of the Gold and Silver Ferns*. From the care and liberal outlay expended on the scenery, costumes (designed by F. Maltby), and mounting in general, this production surpasses the brilliancy of its predecessors. The transformation scene, "The Frozen Regions of the Arctic Queen, and the Entomological Kingdom of Papilionaceae, in the Fairy Home of the Convolvulus," occupying the entire stage, the largest in the kingdom, is truly magnificent. In addition to Miss Nelly Moon, an established favourite here, the principal characters are supported by Miss Topsy Venn (from the Strand and Folly), Mdlle. Sadie Poznanaski (first appearance in England), Miss Bertie Ripley (from the principal theatres in America), Miss Rose Miller (from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane), Miss Lizzie Wilson, &c.; premier danseuses—the Sisters Elliott (their fourth season); comedians—Mr. Harry Taylor (the great Surrey favourite), Lieut. Charles, H. C. Sidney; the American team—Wayne, Cotton, Lovely, and Birdie. Morning performances will take place every morning during the holiday week, and every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday after.

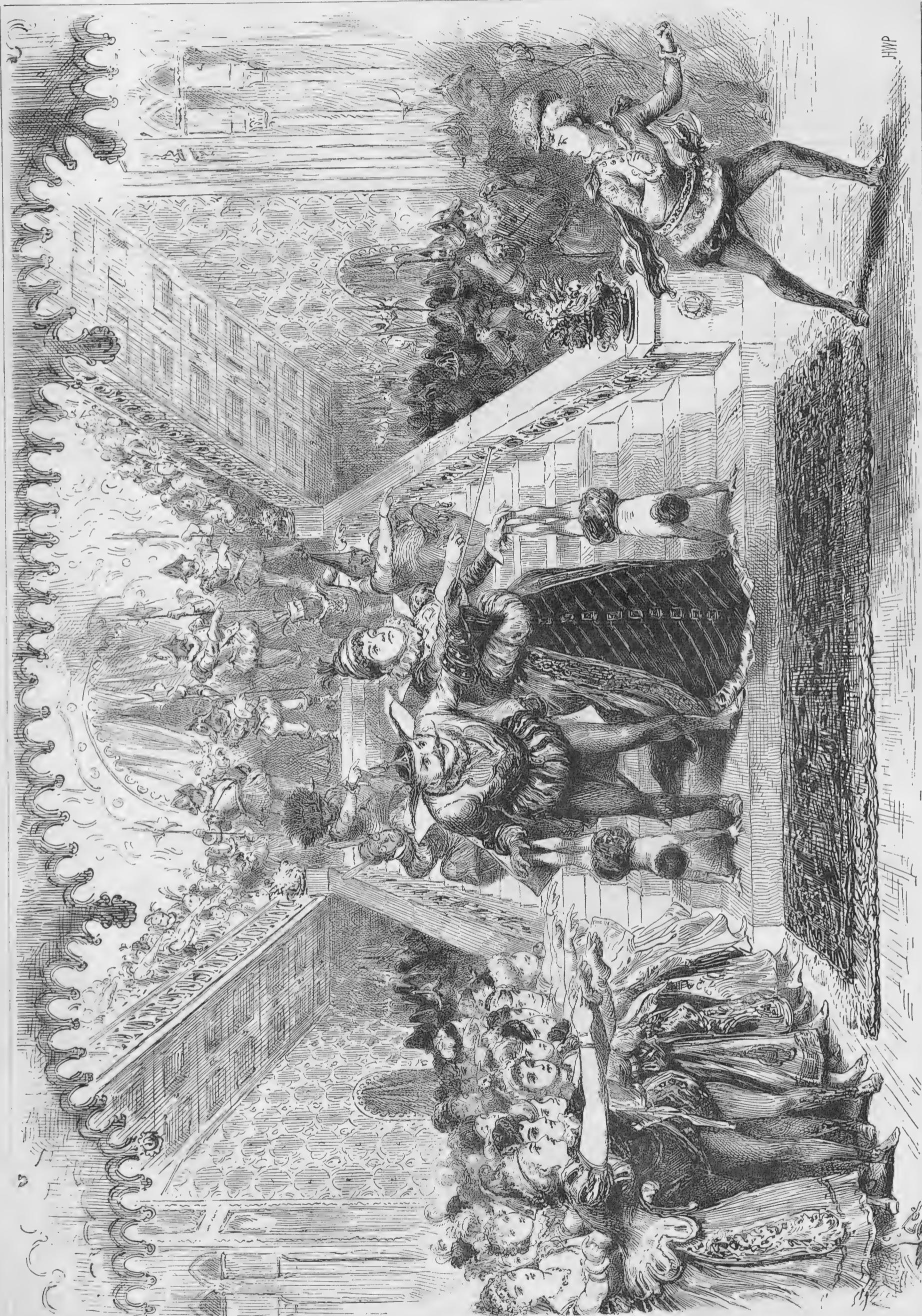
GRECIAN THEATRE.—The pantomime is written by Messrs. G. Conquest and H. Spy, the authors of nineteen previous pantomimes at this popular theatre, and is entitled *The Grim Goblin; or, Harlequin Octopus, the Devil Fish, and the Fairies of the Flowery Dell*. The story runs thus—King Boobee (Mr. Herbert Campbell) is out hunting with his daughter, Princess Pearl (Mdlle. de Maurier), when he is overtaken by a storm, and, in the confusion, loses her, he seeks shelter in a hut owned by Widow Grizzlegrief (Mr. Nichols), who has two sons, Hungryman (Mr. G. Conquest, Jun.) and Gobble (Mr. Vincent), the King recognises in the widow the former wife of his brother, whose kingdom has been absorbed by neighbouring States. Hopeful (Miss H. Claremont) is a younger son of the widow, and is cruelly ill-treated by his two elder brothers; the Princess also seeks shelter in the hut and falls in love with Hopeful, the storm increases, when Hic-Hac-Hoc (Mr. Geo. Conquest) bursts into the hovel, seats himself on the hob to warm and dry himself; while there he sees the dinner which is cooking, and helps himself, much to the dismay of Hopeful, who is left in charge. The hobgoblin sees the Princess, falls in love with her, and to prevent her loving anyone else, carries off her heart, and changes the hut to the palace of Boobee, where the Princess Pert (Miss L. Claremont) and Lardi Dardi (Miss Inch) come as suitors for the Princess's hand, the Queen Jealousina (Miss M. A. Victor) declares that something dreadful ails the Princess; the doctors of the realm are called in to consult—the doctors differ—but the patient does not die, but Prince Doozedbadd, a magician (Miss Denvil) arrives and explains that Hic-Hac-Hoc has carried off her heart, which he treasures in a glass casket at the top of the mountain. Hic defies them all to take it from him, and tells them that to do so they must travel up the mountain, pass through the Golden Caves, and obtain the golden whistle, which is guarded by the Octopus. Should they succeed so far, they must next travel through the Enchanted Forest, overcome all sorts of difficulties, and reach the Valley of Silver Vales. The Princes and King make the journey, reach the valley, but find the Hobgoblin has carried off his treasure to his stronghold, the Dragon's Dell, where a wondrous phantom fight takes place, introducing many new and extraordinary feats of acrobatic skill. The Hobgoblin, in the end, is overcome, and the usual transformation takes place. The scenery is of unusual splendour, and the dresses far surpass anything ever seen in this theatre. Clown, Mr. Reuben Inch.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.—The Christmas pantomime at this theatre (which has been in preparation since the early part of June) is founded on a popular Oriental story, and is called *Open Sesame; or, Harlequin the Forty Robbers of the Magic Cave*. The development of the story commences in the regions of ice and snow, where we find Aurora Borealis (Miss Kate Neville) in council with the stars, the subject of deliberation being "The Standard Annual." *The Forty Thieves* is the story accepted, and the council concludes to present the wonderful Eastern Question. For wicked hero Turkerina (Mr. J. Barnum) is found begging by the wayside, and immediately promoted from a common thief to one of gentleman swindler. He agrees to give up stealing pence for the anticipated pleasure of wholesale forging of notes or murders at a price. Puck (Miss Nestle) is sent to earth to protect the woodcutter, and thereupon the scene dissolves to Scene II—The Ravine and Magic Cavern; a wild mountainous set. Here Ali Baba (Mr. Cyrus Bell) and his son Afziz (Miss Frederica Taylor) are discovered cutting wood. Whilst so engaged the sound of horsemen approaching alarms them. They conceal themselves, and behold the arrival of the Forty Thieves, each thief, preceded by his tiger, or footman, carrying the baggage, and headed by the Captain Musjid (Madame Rose Bell). The cave opens to the magic words of "Open Sesame." The thieves deposit their spoil and depart, and Ali pronounces the words, and opens the cave, and secures part of the booty, taking it to Scene III.—Exterior of Ali Baba's House. Here we find Cogia (Mr. Brunton), Ali's wife, who is delighted with his good fortune. Cassim, the rich brother (Mr. Will Orkins), also, by an artful device, finds out the change of luck, and threatens exposure if the secret is not confided to him. Ali tells him, and he starts off himself to secure the remaining treasure. In Scene IV.—The Road to the Cave—Cassim is met by two of the band, who puzzle him as to the words, and when he arrives at his destination he has forgotten the right words, is discovered and sur-

rounded by the Forty Robbers, who punish him by killing him. This Scene, V., represents "The Interior of the Magic Cavern;" and a grand imaginative ballet takes place, called "The Revels of the Cavern Charmers." The enchanters appear clothed in fantastic costumes, by a weird light, and in the course of their evolutions some extraordinary original effects will be introduced, culminating in one of the most elaborate and brilliant spectacular effects ever introduced on the stage. Principal dancers—Mdlle. Sidonia and Miss E. Laurie. The story progresses until, in Scenes VI. and VII., the captain and his lieutenant have discovered and traced the woodcutter home, and now try to get introduced in order to kill him. After various schemes and failures, principally through Morgiana (Miss Augusta Thomson) and Zephyrina (Miss Maynard), they hit upon the device of pretending to turn oil merchants, and seek shelter in Ali's house for their jars of oil. Ali innocently consents, and the captain gives notice he will arrive in state the next day. In Scene VIII.—the Market Place, Bagdad—the market people and inhabitants are all excitement to see the grand entry into the city of the great oil merchant. Then follows a grand triumphal procession, with waving banners, brilliant armour, paraphernalia, bands, slaves, guards, horses bearing treasure, mules bearing jars in Eastern fashion. To give due effect to this scene, a stud of 40 ponies have been expressly selected, and will appear on the stage, richly caparisoned, in conjunction with upwards of 250 persons, all attired in the most costly and gorgeous Eastern costumes, forming a tableau of unapproachable magnificence. In Scene IX. Ali has already placed the jars in his garden, Morgiana suspecting some treachery. The Gardens are discovered in the next scene, where Turkerina is found scaling the wall. The thieves are on the alert, but an alarm being given, the Forty immediately vanish into their jars. Morgiana comes for some oil, and finding a thief in every jar, she, by a novel process, destroys them all. The Captain, hearing this, as a last resort, disguises as a spirit medium, and in Ali's house gives a séance, trying to remove the master of the house by flight during the dark séance. Yet Morgiana thwarts the medium, and exposes his tricks. Being discovered, the fairy Puck interferes, and makes all the characters friends again, by transporting them to the Grand Transformation Scene—The Golden Gardens of Enchantment—distinct changes of scene, with appropriate mechanical effects. Mr. Vincent becomes Harlequin; Mr. Will Orkins, Clown; Pantaloona, Mr. Edwards; Columbine, Miss A. Laurie. The comic scenes include:—No Name Street—Down in a Coal Mine—Grand Charge to the Interior of a Bakehouse—Black and White. Concludes with "Pantomime's Bower." The new scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass, assisted by Mr. John Neville and assistants; the costumes by Gustave Lafayette; the music selected and arranged by Mr. William Corri; properties by Hillman and assistants; machinery by T. Warren; the comic scenes by Mr. Will Orkins. The pantomime written, invented, and produced by Mr. John Douglass, author of the Standard pantomimes for the past twelve years. Morning performance of the pantomime will take place on Boxing Day, December 26, Wednesday 27th, Thursday 28th, Saturday 30th, and every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 12.30, to which children under ten half price to all parts of the house. The pantomime every evening at 7.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.—The Christmas Annual at this Theatre is founded on two well known nursery distichs, and entitled *Little Jack Horner, who sat in the corner; or, Harlequin Oranges and Lemons says the Bells of St. Clements*, written by Oswald Allan, the author of last year's pantomime, and produced under the personal direction of Mr. Albert West. The story turns on the quarrels of the Demon Bells and the Beautiful Belles of Fairyland, who respectively patronize a fast young swell named Rapido and Little Jack Horner. The latter loves, and is beloved by Mary the Maid of the Mill, who prefers him, although very poor, to a wealthy but wicked suitor the Baron Bomben, the latter to ruin Little Jack puts the brokers into his mother's school house, but on endeavouring to insult Mary, meets with rough treatment from the favoured lover and the school children. Jack departs to make his fortune in London as assistant to a miserly Dairymen, one Graball, and here he is followed by Rapido, who wants to see life, Baron Bomben in the hope of revenge, and Dame Horner, and Mary out of love. After sundry adventures on their journey to, and arrival in London at Graballs', the Baron and Rapido resolve to take advantage of the occurrence of the Lord Mayor's show to rob the miser of his cash-box, and blame Little Jack Horner for the theft. How this is done, the hero unjustly accused, and his innocence subsequently completely proved by a tiny Tiger yclept Tom Tit, and the good genius the Fairy Bluebell, who punishes evil and rewards good, will be seen by all lovers of genuine old-fashioned pantomime. At the end of his trials Little Jack Horner is transported to Fairyland in the shape of the superb transformation scene entitled, "The Garden of Eden," painted by Mr. Charles Gramani, and which has occupied several months in preparation.

OLYMPIC.—At this theatre holiday folks have been largely attracted by *Si Slocum*, an eccentric drama, with which we dealt briefly last week, depicting American life, first in New York and subsequently in Mexico, and abounds in conflicts with revolvers, rifles, bowie knives, rescues from attempted murders, in which noble mastiff plays a conspicuous part, after the usual stage-dog fashion. The points of attraction, however, are what would appear to be, according to visual evidence, the wonderful skill with the rifle displayed by Mr. and Mrs. Frayne and their son Frankie, stated to be only four years of age. Mr. Frayne severs, by a bullet from his rifle, a rope by which his negro servant has been suspended to a tree. Mrs. Frayne shoots an apple from her husband's hand. Master Frankie first shoots a pistol from the hand of a ruffian who is about to assassinate his mother, and on another occasion shatters to pieces a teapot placed in the bough of a tree; and the most sensational feat of dexterity, rivaling the traditional exploit of William Tell, is achieved by Mr. Frayne, who, with his rifle over his left shoulder, his back turned towards the mark and taking aim from the reflection of a small mirror, hung to the side of the proscenium, hits an apple placed on the head of his wife, standing on the opposite side of the stage. Although these feats appear, as we have always said, to be accomplished, through acquired skill and certainty of aim, there are indications that they are after all conjuring tricks, but very cleverly managed. In the first place, the apples and the teapot, instead of being shattered and carried off beyond where they have been placed, as they assuredly would be if hit by a bullet from a rifle, are on the instant of explosion shivered into small fragments, which drop quietly down perpendicularly from the spot and rested; and secondly, before the apple is placed on her head, Mrs. Frayne is covered over from head to feet in a frieze shawl or railway wrapper, reminding one of a wicker extinguisher used by the late Professor Anderson, and other conjurors, and from under which a young lady used to disappear. This complete enveloping of the person of Mrs. Frayne, and the simultaneous projecting of a "ground border" of a foot or two in length in front of where she stands, suggests the probability of a trap underneath. How the shattering to pieces of the teapot and apples is effected we cannot divine. It may be by electricity, or the concussion of the discharges acting on apparently solid, but in reality excessively fragile, objects. In this, however, consist the ingenuity and cleverness of the deception.



SCENE FROM "THE INVISIBLE PRINCE" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE,

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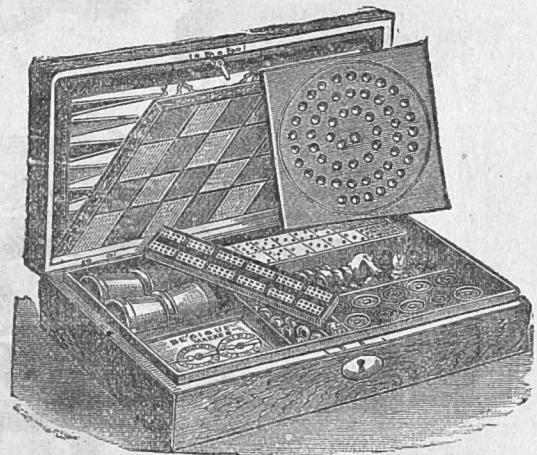
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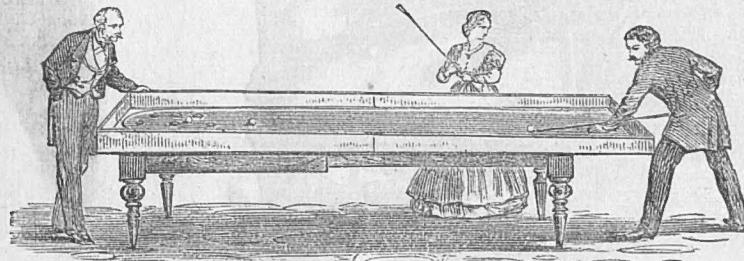
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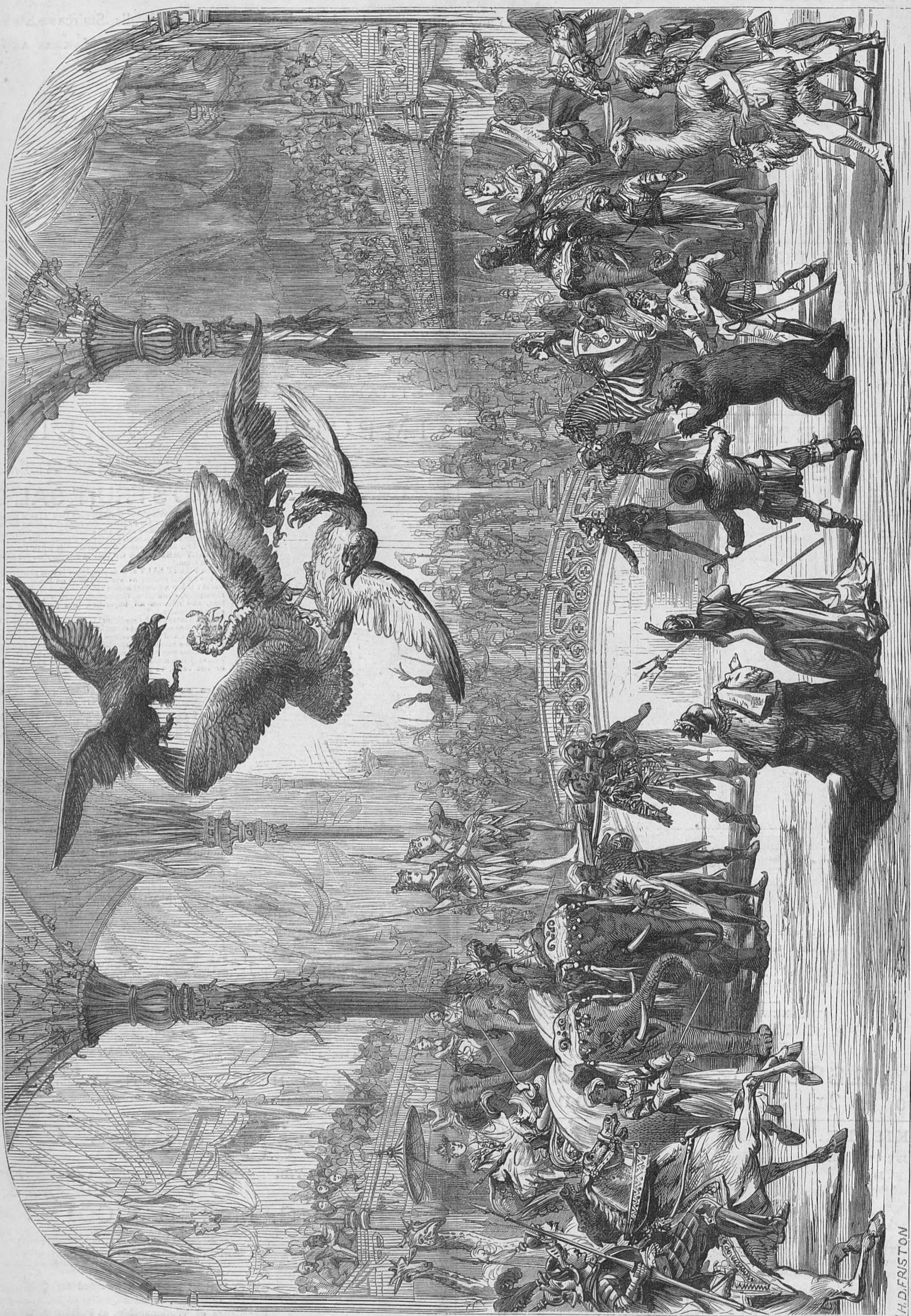
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All others are mere imitations; therefore Gentlemen who wish for the GENUINE "ULSTER" will please write direct for Patterns, as the Inventors have no Agents in these Kingdoms.

2 PRIZE MEDALS awarded for Originality of Design, Superior Quality of Material, and Excellence of Workmanship, at PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION.



SCENE FOUR (PALACE OF THE QUEEN OF NATIONS) FROM "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS" AT SANGER'S (ASTLEY'S).